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A Little While.

Oh, soul, a little while
And thou shalt be released,
And fortune shall have ceased
To frown for thee or smile.

A little, little space,
A few brief months or years,
Too brief, Oh, soul, for tears,
Then to thy resting-place.

Oh, wherefore art thou stirred
With weak and idle rage
To beat against thy cage
Like to a captured bird?

Be still, poor soul, be still;
He sees the sparrow's fall;
Thy woes He knoweth all;
Hush, hush, and wait His will.

Unwritten Music.

We hear its low and dreamy tone
Like some sweet angel spell,
Among the wood-haunts wild and lone,
Where the young violets dwell;
Where the deep sunset flush hath thrown
Its glory on the sea,
We linger for its ceaseless moan—
That wordless minstrelsy!

The primal world its echoes woke
When first the ardent sun,
In all his fresh'ning day-spring, broke,
His regal race to run;
It floated through those lonely skies,
Each immemorial hill,
Where now such countless cities rise,
The might of human will!

The cavern'd depths of the wild sea
That gather in their lair
Such shrieks of mortal agony,
Such pleadings of despair,
Upon their turgid billows wreathed
Such lulling strains have sped,
As if their charnel waters breathed
No requiem for the dead.

Oh! earth hath not a lonely plain
Unblest by mystic song;
The diapason of the main,
Its anthem to prolong.
The seaman, in his home-fraught dream
Upon the moonlit waves,
Hears, in its undulating stream,
The chant of wat'ry caves.

Through Hippocrene's violet fount
The haunting spirit rung;
To every old Thessalian mount
Its storied legends clung.
It filled the wild Boeotian hills
With fabled visions blent,
And murmured through the Pythian rills—
A melody unspent.

An incense-breath upon the wind,
For morning's glorious dower;
A fairy spell, the heart to bind
At noontide's languid hour;
A voice the forest-child hath sought
By every glade and stream;
But most, at twilight's hour of thought,
Half shadow and half dream.

A song upon the summer prime,
Of gladness and of praise;
A voice that bids the vintage time
Its choral tribute raise;
A tone ubiquitous and free,
A deathless music given;
A strain of immortality,
An attribute of heaven!

—*William Huber, Jr., in Boston Folio.*

A FASCINATING GHOST.

WANTED—A young gentleman who knows how to spell, and who writes a good hand, to do copying in the country for two or three months. Must remain in employer's house. Address in own hand, stating what salary is expected, X., Box 1460, this office.

This was an advertisement I cut out of the *Evening Post* one spring afternoon.

In the old days I had been bookkeeper for the late concern of Skinflint, Starvehimout & Co., and while with them I had been getting a good salary, and, to my sorrow be it said, lived pretty well up to it; so as I made nothing by the failure of the concern, and lost my place as well, I had to come down very low. I had saved a little, more by good luck than from forethought, and this little, used with the strictest economy, and added to by a few dollars made here and there in odd ways, was all that had kept me alive for eighteen months. However, I didn't feel quite disposed to go to the dogs yet, for there was always a chance of something turning up in a great city like New York.

As I looked around my room that evening I realized how bare it was of either furniture or adornments; how unlike— Ah, well, there was my paper; and I unfolded it with all the glee of a child over a new story-book. There was, of course, the usual political news, the usual number of railroad accidents and criminal proceedings; there were items of interest to investors and theater-goers and travelers; but nothing for me. I had no money to invest, or for theaters, or traveling. So I skipped all that and went on to the advertisements, and the only one of them all worth reading twice was the advertisement quoted above.

I read it two or three times, and then decided it was worth trying. So I hunted up a sheet of paper and addressed X— as follows:

"*My Dear Mr., Mrs., or Miss X.:* I notice your advertisement in to-day's issue of the *Evening Post*. My handwriting you can see for yourself. My spelling, I think, is usually correct, and there is no doubt I am a gentleman. As to salary, I don't know what to say—I don't wish to value my services at more than they're worth. Should you mean by 'remain in employer's house,' that I would be boarded and lodged at your expense, my price—that is, asking price—is five dollars a week.

"Yours respectfully,

"JAMES W. WOLCOTT."

The next afternoon I heard from my friend X., who proved to be a man. His letter ran thus:

"JAMES W. WOLCOTT, Esq.:

"*My dear Sir*—You may be a gentleman, write a good hand, and know how to spell, but you're a fool. I inclose sixty-three cents, the fare to —— You will take the 7 A. M. train to-morrow morning from Grand Central depot, and when you arrive at ——, ask for my carriage, as it will be there to meet you.

"Yours, etc.,

"SOL. HUMPHREYS."

Sol. Humphreys!—the last man in the world I would voluntarily have written to, and for employment, too! Two years before I had a very nice little flirtation with pretty Mabel Humphreys, and it had gone so far that if the crash in my affairs had not occurred, I believe there might have been an understanding, if not an engagement. But as it was I put away all thoughts of love and love-making and dropped pretty Mabel very suddenly, without any kind of an understanding, and I had not seen her since. And now to think I had fairly got myself into it again! But, I reflected, I might not see much of Mabel, after all. So much the better. Bread and butter was a necessity, and I must go and make the best of it.

The next morning I caught the train, but missed my breakfast, and by the time I reached the house I was decidedly hungry.

Mr. Humphreys met me at the door, and I was pleased to see he did not seem to remember me at all. He put up his eyeglasses, and inspected me from head to foot.

"So you're James W. Wolcott, are you, young man?"

I told him he was not mistaken. I always had that name—born with it, I believed.

"And you think you're a gentleman?"

I begged his pardon—didn't think anything about it; it was a self-evident fact.

The old fellow grinned. "Suppose you come in and have some breakfast. You haven't had any, I suppose?"

I said I had not.

"Well, come in and have some."

After breakfast Mr. Humphreys led the way into the library and motioned me to take a chair, while he explained what my work was to be. He had been writing a history, or text book, of ferns—he was an enthusiastic botanist—and wanted it copied for the press. The work of re-writing the whole thing legibly was more than he wished to undertake, so he had advertised for an amanuensis.

After this had been explained to me, Mr. Humphreys started up. "Get you hat, Mr. Wolcott. I want to show you around."

All through the house and all over the place he took me, and when he got to the farther extremity of the grounds he paused, and pointing to a huge stone house beyond, said: "I'm trying to buy that house; I'm very anxious to get it, but my daughter objects."

I asked him why she objected.

"Well, you see it hasn't been occupied lately, and she says it's gloomy; says it's haunted, and she wouldn't like to live in it."

"Miss Humphreys can't really believe that to be true," I answered.

"I don't know whether she does or not. She's away now, but she'll be home to-morrow, and perhaps she'll be more reasonable."

The next day Mabel arrived. She met me politely, went through the introduction gracefully, and acted as if she had never seen me before. There was not the slightest half-glance of recognition—she evidently intended to consider me a recent acquaintance. With curious inconsistency I could not help being a little disappointed, while at the same time I was immensely relieved. I don't know what I had expected—a start, a blush, just the shy, pleased look of a girl toward an old friend not yet forgotten; or was it haughtiness, hardly veiled anger, disgust? Whatever I had expected, I got nothing at all but pleasant, meaningless words, great politeness, great civility. I had nothing whatever to do with, and could have no interest in, the intimacy that formerly existed between Mabel Humphreys and James W. Wolcott; he was one man, and I was another. And so the days went on, and she was always friendly with her father's copyist.

Toward the end of July Ned Humphreys came home, and brought Mr. Butter-Scotch Steele with him. Mr. Steele's baptismal name was William, but he had been rechristened by his friends Butter-Scotch, on account of his fondness for that particular kind of candy.

Ned was quite a boy, and a capital fellow at that, and he and I soon became firm friends; but Butter-Scotch I loathed. I really don't know why I loathed him so much, unless because there was a rumor afloat that Mabel was making up her mind to renounce the bangs and bangles of a single life, and henceforth stick to Butter-Scotch. Of course this of itself was enough to make me contemplate placing an extraordinarily bent pin on his chair, or converting his overcoat pocket into a repository for a litter of baby kittens. But independently of this rumor, I had a distinct and positive impression that I loathed the man just as he was, whether he ever succeeded in marrying Mabel or not. Of course it was none of my business, but it did seem a pity to stand by and see her become the missing rib, thereby completing the anatomy, of such a molly-coddle.

One morning I was standing on the piazza—just finishing a very nice cigar Mr. Humphreys had presented me with the day before, with the remark that he didn't mind a man smoking once in a while, if he smoked tobacco, but he abominated cabbage"—when Mabel came out.

"Mr. Wolcott," she said, "are you going to be busy for a few minutes?"

"I think not," I replied. "Mr. Humphreys doesn't want to begin for half an hour yet."

"Then will you come to the croquet ground and finish your cigar there?"

"Certainly," I answered; "with pleasure."

Over to the croquet ground we strolled, and Mabel sat down on one of the rustic seats. Without preamble of any kind, she began:

"I know you have a friendly feeling for us all, Mr. Wolcott, and I want to ask your opinion and advice."

I bowed, for she was unquestionably right about my friendly feeling, but I wondered what was coming.

She went on: "What do you think of Mr. Steele?"

Well, that was a poser! What did I think of Butter-Scotch? That he was a fool, of course; but I reflected it wouldn't do to tell her so, particularly if she was going to— Oh, no! it wouldn't do at all.

"Why do you ask, Miss Humphreys?"

"I will tell you frankly. There is a very strong inclination on papa's part to buy the stone house."

"Yes, I know there is."

"And I don't want he to."

"May I ask why not?"

"Because it's haunted."

"I don't see how that affects Mr. Steele—he isn't haunted."

Mabel laughed. "I don't suppose he is. But that isn't what I mean. I want to know if he is courageous enough to go there and see if it really is haunted."

"Oh, I guess he's pretty brave; he says he is, and Mr. Humphreys thinks so too, I believe."

"Yes, papa is so enthusiastic over Mr. But—I mean Mr. Steele's kind heart and religious feeling; he thinks he must be a good man, and not easily frightened." She looked at me squarely. "And I want to know if he's a man fully to be trusted—"

"With untold wealth?"

"No; to see a ghost."

"Ah! I see!"

"You're brave, too, aren't you, Mr. Wolcott?"

"You're very kind to say so, but I assure you there never was a worse coward than I am. I've no courage at all—I'm all brain! Now there's the difference between Mr. Steele and myself."

Mabel rose. "Yes, I see the difference," she said. "I'm very much obliged to you, Mr. Wolcott, for your good advice. I wasn't sure whether he would undertake it. Brain is a good thing, so is courage; I prefer a happy mixture." And with a pleasant little nod she sailed off.

I never saw until afterward what a comparison I had made—one all courage and no brain, and the other all brain and no courage. I had muddled things badly, that was evident, and the worst of it was that she never gave me an opportunity to let her know I had not intended any disrespect to her future liege.

All this time Sol. Humphreys never ceased talking about buying the stone house. At last Mabel made the proposition that some night we three, Ned, Butter-Scotch and myself, should go there and stay until morning, and if our report was "no ghosts," she would not say any more against the purchasing scheme; but if anything diabolical or mysterious happened, that her father was to give up the idea. Our consent being asked we cheerfully gave it, and as one time was as good as another, we decided to make the experiment that night.

Armed each with a stout stick and pillow, we advanced upon the haunted dwelling about 9 o'clock, and were admitted by the man in charge, whose headquarter were in an adjoining building, which communicated with the house by a long entry, at the end of which was an iron door. This door was closed and bolted after us, and we were left to make our explorations in our own way.

I for one did not expect to see anything supernatural, but Mabel's stories were very vivid, and I would have liked to oblige her by seeing something uncanny. We had brought a lantern with us, and Butter-Scotch had very self-sacrificingly taken charge of it. So we ascended the stairs, and made a tour of the upper floor, then descended, and made another tour of the ground floor and cellar, and Butter-Scotch considered the exploration so thorough that he strongly advocated going home and to bed, and bringing in a sealed verdict, "No ghosts." But we wouldn't hear of it. So, having made sure that the front door was unlocked on the inside, and could be opened instantaneously if the proposed ghost were disposed to be violent, or use language unfit for "ears polite," we made ourselves as comfortable in the hall as the circumstances of no bed and an indefinite ghost would allow.

Ten o'clock—no ghost. Eleven—not a sound. Eleven-thirty—"Ned, you're snoring."

"Oh no; I was thinking how—"

Suddenly there was a crash somewhere in the house.

"By George!" gasped Ned, "we're in for it, boys, and don't you forget it!"

I don't know how long we waited, but then it began again—first a sneeze, then a hissing sound, then a pail rolling downstairs, followed by an assortment of dust-pans and fire-irons.

This was first-class. After the storm ceased Butter-Scotch, in a committee of one, proposed that we should alter the verdict to "ghosts emphatically," and go home. It was entertaining, but, to tell the truth, he was sleepy.

In a few minutes there was another crash, and we saw something white on the stairs, slowly and solemnly approaching. As it neared the bottom, it raised an arm; a low moan came from it, and a rasping sound of a by no means cheerful character.

Butter-Scotch made for the door, and in his excitement pushed against it instead of pulling, so he couldn't get out. The ghost, seeing our fright, uttered a shriek, and came swiftly toward us.

This was too much for flesh and blood to bear, and Butter-Scotch yelled, "Murder! thieves! fire!" frantic with horror, and we all three pulled and pushed, beside ourselves with fear.

Just as the ghost had nearly reached us Ned pulled the door open, and there was a crash and a rush, and before I knew what had happened the door was shut to with a bang, and I was left in darkness in the hall, with the knowledge that the beastly ghost was where it could touch me if it wanted to. A second of silence, and then a voice hissed, "Cowards!" I indorsed that opinion heartily, but the others with greater cowards than I was; for I wouldn't have kicked the light out of the lantern, or shut the door on them.

There was a yawn, and then the thing said, "Oh, my!"

I plucked up my spirits a little. The ghost had sense enough to be sleepy, and I thought I could stand a little talk, if it would only keep hands off. Possibly it wanted to find the door, for it came straight toward me. But the knob wasn't where the phantom thought it ought to be, and the seeking hand rested for about two seconds on my nose. The touch gave me courage; it was warm, soft and pleasant as a woman's. I stretched out my arms and grasped the phantom. It shrieked and started, but I was strong, and the ghost was solid, so it didn't get away. I didn't feel afraid of it then; on the contrary, it seemed afraid of me.

"Dear ghost, sweet ghost," I said, "I won't hurt you."

The answer came tremblingly and low: "What are you saying? Who sent you?"

"Why, my darling ghost," I said, "the lady that's going to be Mrs. Butter-Scotch."

"How do you know she is?"

"Oh, I know well enough. You must be a smart ghost not to know that!"

"She doesn't love him."

"Oh, yes she does. My sweet little phantom, you're entirely mistaken. Come, I'll see if I can't light the lantern, if that insane booby hasn't smashed it all to pieces in getting out."

"Let me go, please," the ghost begged, in a very polite manner, and as it spoke the words sounded to me very much as from a human voice disguised, and yet I couldn't see for the life of me how anything human could have got into the house after we came in, or how anything human could have made such an everlasting row, and rattled its bones so unpleasantly. But the ghost's hands had flesh on them. My curiosity was aroused, so I said: "No, I cannot let you go."

"It's wrong—hugging me, when you love another."

"Whom do I love?"

"Mrs. Butter-Scotch, of course. I know all about it."

"You do, eh? Then I suppose you know how it all happened?"

"Yes, of course I do."

"Do you know why I stopped?"

"Because you hadn't money enough to ask her to marry you."

"You're perfectly right, my dear little ghost, but neither you nor I know whether she'd have married me even if I had happened to have plenty of money. I wish you'd tell me that."

"I won't do anything of the kind. I'm perfectly surprised at myself for talking to a mortal so long. Good-bye, man. Go back to the Humphreys and tell them what you have seen. If the old man buys this house won't I make it hot for him! Good-bye, mortal."

But I wouldn't let go of the ghost's arm.

"Please let me go now," the phantom beseeched.

A bright idea came to me. I said: "Can I trust you? Is a ghost's word good for anything?"

With great dignity it answered: "Yes: I never lie."

"All right. If you'll promise to meet me to-morrow evening under the old apple tree on Mr. Humphrey's place at 10 o'clock, I'll let you go." And as I released my hold the ghost seemed to vanish away, and I opened the door and went out. My senses were dazed in the open air; the evening had been so strange, so almost suspicious, that I could not fathom it all at once. Besides, I had allowed the ghost to go before it had given the promise to meet me again. I remembered my stupidity with regret, but somehow I felt the ghost would consider the promise as having been given, and be at the trysting-place. At the house they had given me up for lost, and were discussing all manner of plans for my rescue, and Ned was on the point of coming for me alone, as Mr. Steele could not be persuaded to enter that house again until daylight. However, the thing was settled, and Mr. Humphreys accepted our report unquestionably, but with great regret, and the next morning Mabel was informed of the result. At last the evening came, and we were on the piazza. Mabel had retired with a headache, and the rest of us smoked our cigars and followed our own thoughts in silence. As it neared 10 I arose leisurely and strolled off to the old apple tree. I had been there but a few minutes when I saw a white figure approaching as if from the adjoining place, and it came straight to me and stopped at my side.

I lifted my hat. "Good evening," I said.

The phantom responded with a neat little ghostly courtesy. "Mortal, I never tell a lie," it said.

"Will you shake hands? Truly a ghost's word can be believed."

The phantom gave me its hand, but after I had held it a decent length of time, tried to regain possession of it.

"Does the old gentleman believe?" asked the ghost.

"Yes; it's all right—he won't buy the house now. You can remain alone in it in undisturbed possession."

"I don't want to stay alone in it."

"Well, my sweet phantom, I don't see how you're going to fix it. Haven't you any relatives to come and help you be gay?"

"No, none."

"That's bad. I know the dust-pan and fire-iron business is jolly, and then it does sound awfully cheerful to have pails rolling downstairs; but it's like playing billiards—gets monotonous if you haven't any one to play with."

The ghost sighed.

"What's that for?" I inquired. "Don't you like being a ghost?"

"No, not a bit."

"Dear me! Would you like to be an ordinary common mortal person?"

"Yes."

"My? And get married?"

"Yes, I guess so—I don't know."

"Well, I'm very fond of you, dear little ghost."

"I don't believe you. You're fond of somebody else."

"Well, well; you told me that before, and I don't deny it; but, my sweet little phantom, she don't care two cents for me now."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, I know it very well."

"You're wrong. Why don't you go and ask her?"

"I'm not going to insult her."

"Do you call that an insult?"

"Yes—from one in my position. Sweet ghost," I said, coming nearer, "let's make believe you're my angel," putting my arms around her, and drawing her to me.

"Then you don't love her?"

"On the contrary, it's because I love her so much that I want to make believe you're Miss Mabel."

The ghost submitted with a good grace, but forgot her assumed ghostliness. "James!" she said, and the voice carried me back two years, and my darling was revealed to me.

"Mabel, Mabel," I said, "what is this? Does it mean you love me?"

"Yes."

"But why did you play such a prank on us all?"

"I knew you still loved me, but would never say so, and, besides, I wanted a little fun."

"Bless you, it was fun, but you might have been hurt."

"Oh, no," she laughed; "I wasn't afraid. The others were so brave, and you were such a coward—all brain and no courage, you know."

* * * * * * *

A month later I was a clerk on a good salary, and six months later Mabel and I were married. But the secret of our wooing in the stone house and under the apple tree was never told, and from that time forth I had no fear of ghosts—my own particular precious little ghost was my shield and my protection.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

WISE WORDS.

Whoever conquers indolence can conquer most things.

Gaming is the child of avarice, but the parent of prodigality.

Applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

We cannot think too highly of our nature, nor too humbly of ourselves.

Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good action to all eternity.

True benevolence is to love all men. Recompense injury with justice, and unkindliness with kindness.

Flowers sweeten the air, rejoice the air, link us with nature and innocence, and are something to love.

The firmest friends have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.

This above all—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

—*Shakespeare.*

It is by what we ourselves have done and not what others have done for us that we shall be remembered.—*Francis Wayland.*

To pronounce a man happy merely because he is rich, is just as absurd as to pronounce a man healthy because he has enough to eat.

Right habit is like the thread on which we string precious pearls. The thread perhaps is of no great value, but, if it be broken, the pearls are lost.

Were we as eloquent as angels, yet should we please some men, some women, and some children much more by listening than by talking.

Wherever the slanderer is found, there humanity is arrayed against itself, and there the honey and balm of life are turned to gall and nettles.

If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write things worth reading or do things worth writing.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life is the best philosophy; a clear conscience is the best law; honesty is the best policy; and temperance the best physic.

Usually the greatest boasters are the smallest workers. The deep rivers pay a larger tribute to the sea than shallow brooks, and yet empty themselves with less noise.

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

—*Tennyson.*

Be careful that you do not commend yourselves. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking if your own tongue must praise you; and it is fullsome and unpleasing to others to hear such commendations. Speak well of the absent whenever you have suitable opportunity. Never speak ill of them or anybody, unless you are sure they deserve it, and unless it is necessary for their amendment or for the safety and benefit of others.—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

A tramp with his arm in a sling called on Gilhooley for a quarter, alleging that his arm had been injured in the recent railroad accident near San Atonio. "But yesterday you had the other arm in a sling," replied Gilhooley. "Well, supposin' I had. Don't you think a fellar's arm gets tired of being tied up all day? Beside, I have got concussion of the brain and can't remember half the time which arm was broken."—*Texas Siftings.*

LANDING A SWORDFISH.

A Communicative Skipper Dilates on the Fun of Catchingfin General.

"Now, then, all together!"

A swing on the peak halyard of a trim smack, and a fourteen-foot swordfish rose in the air and was skillfully lowered into a dray that had been backed up to the pier for its reception.

"That's what I call a roarer," the captain of the vessel said, holding aside the piece of canvas with commendable pride, so that the reporter could catch its points. "Just cast your eye over that sword. See how sharp it is; and then over the body—how the lines round up. The whole fish is made for speed—a regular privateer. Fine eating, too. This one goes to the market, and I should judge that it weighed 400 pounds. They make the finest kind of steaks. The meat is white and rich and somewhat like a mackerel; in fact, they belong to the mackerel family, so I'm told. It's great sport catching them, but you get used to it, like everything else. I've been in the business twenty-two years, and have caught some pretty big fish, I can tell you. We nailed this fellow up the Sound, off Montauk, on our way to Martha's Vineyard, and as I had an offer to bring some freight here I brought him in myself. The New England coast is the best place for them, especially around the south of the Cape, and to give you an idea of the importance of the business about 1,500,000 pounds are caught every year, worth about $200,000 in round numbers. In the Mediterranean, around about Italy and Greece, the business is nearly as good."

"How about these stories of their running into ships?"

"I can vouch for one," the captain replied. "In 1860 I found myself in Ceylon, and, wanting to get home, I shipped on the bark Maud, bound for Liverpool. We were browsing along one day off the Bay of Biscay, stunsails and everything jammed on her, and I was leaning on the weather cathead when I felt a kind of a shock—just the kind you feel when a ferryboat strikes a piece of ice, only sharper—and the next minute there was something thrashing about near the cutwater that I took to be a whale, but before the skipper got for'ard it was gone. We sounded the well that night, and she had made about six inches of water, and we kept the pumps a going off and on, thinking that we had started a plank. Finally we put into Tynemouth, in the north of England, where the bark was owned, and went into the dry dock. There they found under the bilge about ten inches of the sword of one of these fellows. It had gone through the copper, oak planking, and all, and broken off short. I heard of another case where a ship was struck in the Indian ocean, and was damaged so that the owners came down on the insurance companies, who tried to get out by saying it was a put-up job; but they got Professor Owen, the great English scientific man, into court, and he swore right and left that not only did the swordfish do it, but they were as dangerous as a shot from a cannon. I don't remember the exact words of his testimony, but he said the force of the blow was equal to so many hundred blows from a heavy sledge or a twenty-four pound shot. Anyhow, they got the insurance.

"We most generally use an iron to catch them, though some use a hook, and the Italians repeat some kind of a lingo whey they are out, to coax them up. We have a rest of iron rigged on the jibboom, and the striker stands on this while a man in the foretop sings out to the man at the helm how to follow him. I took a party of young Bostonfellows out last year. They hired the whole business, and wanted to do the whole thing themselves. They pitched pennies for the places, and when we left Holmes' Hole one was hanging over the crosstrees, another was at the helm, and another in the seat, lashed in like Farragut at Mobile, and there was no end of sport. We finally sighted a fish off Sandwich, and when we got over it the fellow in the bow let drive and caught it right in the tail, and off he went, the rope whistling over the side and the boys a dancin' around like mad to keep out of it. We generally make the line fast to a barrel and toss it over and let the fish tire himself out; but this didn't suit, so they made it fast to the painter of the dory and launched her, and tumbled in just as the slack came taut. The dory jumped ahead and down they went in a heap, and one of them tumbled clean overboard. We picked him up and filled away after the boat. First they tried to haul the fish in, but this started him in another direction, and the rope got foul with the rowlocks and over she went. They all piled to the wind'ard and managed to keep her up, though she half filled. He towed them for about two miles before he let up at all, and then they commenced to take it, and such hauling and getting hauled you never saw. One minute they would make ten or twelve feet on him, and the next he would make a rush, tearing everything and dragging the dory into the water, so that one had to bail out all the time. Before we got up to them I saw a coat waving, collar down—a signal of distress—and, as they had worked to wind'ard, we sent the dingy after them, and soon had them in tow. They had all the fishing they wanted, and were glad enough to give it up. Their hands were all cut up with the rope, and they were wet through. One said the rope got wound round his leg and nearly broke it, and altogether they had enough to last them over night. It was a big fellow, though, and weighed four hundred pounds."

"Don't they grow larger than that?"

"Bless you, yes," continued the skipper, who was evidently on a favorite topic. "I crossed the Bay of Bengal once, and one evening, it was a dead calm, mind you, we saw some kind of a craft tearing down on us about the size of a ship's cutter with a leg o' mutton sail rigged fore and aft. It came with a terrible rush, the sail a waving to and fro, colored blue like, and in a minute had shot by astern, and we saw it was a swordfish near thirty feet long. If he had ever struck us, good-bye. They call them sailor fish there, and the top fin is about fifteen or sixteen feet high when they are on the surface it stands out of water just like a sail, and the sword when cut off would be about thirteen feet long and a good lift for a man. The fin is colored a beautiful blue, and as they come rushing along, the sail whistling in the wind, with a wave of foam ahead, I tell you it's a pretty sight. I afterward saw a boat smashed by one. The natives along the coast tackle them, and have a big log fastened to the rope, and when they strike they toss the log over, and get out of the way as fast as they can, and when the fish is all played out they tow him in. The one I saw had about five boats around him. As soon as it was struck it made a rush and went clean through one, and cut at the pieces right and left. The men managed to get away and so did the fish. I saw the boat on the beach afterward, and some of the places had been cut through as slick as if it had been done with a knife.'

"Do they catch fish in that way?"

"Yes; I have often seen a swordfish rush into a school of menhaden. They swing the sword right and left, up and down, darting where the fish are the thickest, and you can actually follow them by the trail of blood and halves of fishes. When they have killed enough they sink, and pick up the pieces as they sink. They're great jumpers. I've seen one clear ten feet into the air, and thrash around as if crazy, dart off on the surface and turn over, all on account of a little parasite that bores into the skin and drives them almost crazy. In the South sea the people use the bills as swords, fixing some kind of a handle on them, and in some of the large ones, where the sword is of great length, they are wielded by both hands, and form terrible weapons in the hands of a large man, who could bring down two or three persons at a blow.

"Sawfish and swordfish never seem to get along together," continued the skipper. "I was coming out of Chesapeake bay once, drifting along about five miles to the south'ard of Cape Charles, it being a dead calm, when all at once we saw a great splashing around about thirty yards astern. I went aloft and saw a sawfish and a swordfish fighting like mad. The sawfish's best chance was to keep in close quarters, and the way he pounded that swordfish was a caution. The saw would swing so fast you couldn't see it, and then the fish would back off as if he was trying to tear the other. The swordfish backed away at the same time, but the skin of the other was too thick, and so they had it, now out of water and now in, for about ten minutes. All hands were watching in the rigging, but all at once the swordfish made off, leaving the other lashing away as if blind with rage. It wasn't a second hardly before a big fin was seen ten feet off, and like a shot the swordfish had struck the other and jammed his sword clean through him. They both rose in the air with the shock, and then the struggle commenced again. The swordfish was fast and couldn't haul out, and the other was half dead, so right here we took a hand, lowered a boat and harpooned them both, rigged a tackle and got them aboard. The sword had broken the backbone of the other fish, and it was so wedged in that they would both have been gobbled up by the first shark that came along."

Here some one hailed the skipper with the information that the tide was on the ebb, and we parted company.—*New York Sun.*

Annoyances of Editors.

Not editors alone but nearly all business men daily receive communications from individuals in whom they have not the slightest interest, but who, nevertheless, feel terribly aggrieved if the most senseless inquiry is not immediately answered by the long-suffering portion of humanity whose trials Job himself could scarcely have borne with patience.

Some persons seem to have a mistaken impression that the business of other people couldn't be carried on at all without "valuable suggestions and advice from themselves," said "advice" generally coming in a badly spelled, horribly written missive, informing the delighted recipient that "he's an idiot, and that the writer always knew he was." Of course all dissatisfied correspondents don't express their opinions in the above straightforward manner, but say what, in the end, really amounts to about the same thing.

As a rule, editors are not unwilling to answer respectful queries, or those that can in any way benefit the questioner or the public; but when, during a political campaign, somebody wants to know if the aspirant for gubernatorial honors really did throw his mother-in-law over a mammoth two-inch boulder into a roaring, rushing, foaming, fathomless washtub below, or why it isn't grammatical to say "them ink bottles is mine," the average editor is apt to pine for a "lodge in some vast wilderness."

Another annoyance is caused by aspirants to literary honors, who begin by saying: "I now take my pen in hand," and asking why they can't write lengthwise and crosswise, and diagonally across the paper when they send an article for publication. If some such original genius didn't take special pains to say he took the pen in his hand, almost any editor would be just foolish enough to imagine that the writer shoved it up under his left optic, or tied it to a lock of his auburn hair, but the positive statement that he holds the pen in his hand precludes the possibility of any conjecture on the subject, thus saving the editor's valuable time, as he might otherwise spend several precious minutes speculating on the matter.

Then there are the "chronic grumblers" who never were satisfied with anything, and never will be, and who send delightful autograph letters to the unfortunate publisher of some paper, complaining that he "prints too much trash, and too little sense, or too much sense, and too little trash," anything in fact that will do to growl about, and make people think the sun is under a permanent eclipse. Then, too, the "sweet affection" that exists between the editors of rival papers must be a source of intense gratification to all concerned, and be accused of conducting any publication simply from mercenary motives, when everybody knows that editors are dead-heads, and poverty-stricken beings anyhow, must soon cause regret for the vanished days of happy childhood, when they could play "mumblety-peg" with the tolerable certainty of hitting somebody with the deadly weapon used in that delightful game. These are but a few of the daily trials to which editors are subjected, although "life is not all dark" to them anymore than individuals who follow some other profession. Most people have as many friends as they deserve, and doubtless the delight of occupying a conspicuous position at circuses and public entertainments more than counterbalance any trifling annoyance like the few here mentioned.—*Ina S. Hudson, in Detroit Free Press.*

Lions in Africa

A recent traveler in equatorial Africa says: Lions are one of the dangers between Zanzibar and the great lakes. They sometimes hunt game in packs of six to eight. Some animals show fight against them successfully. Lions never venture to attack the adult elephant, and even avoid the buffalo, unless they are more than two to one. In general they do not attack caravans, and never in daytime. At most a hungry lion may spring upon and carry off a straggler while passing through the brakes and jungles. But it is otherwise at night. When lions scent the caravan from afar, particularly if it contains goats or beasts of burden, they approach and announce their vicinity by terrific roars. Nevertheless in a well inclosed camp there is no danger; the lions never attempt to clear the obstacles, and marksmen from behind palisades can pick them off with almost unfailing aim. There is danger only when the camp is not completely inclosed, or when those inside go out to attack them.

A fruitful place—A canning establishment.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

In a recent sun disturbance a protuberance was thrown up from the surface which was 255,000 miles long, but in a few hours it subsided to only 18,000 miles.

A Paris manufacturer claims to have discovered a process for substituting the leaves of the eucalyptus tree, which in burning emit a delicious perfume, for tobacco leaves in making cigars.

The director of the bureau of statistics at Vienna has made some interesting researches concerning the comparative longevity of women and men in Europe. He finds that out of 102,831 individuals who have passed the age of ninety-nine years 60,303 are women, and only 42,528 are men. In Italy 241 alleged centenarian women are found for 141 men of that age.

A spider's web affords an excellent barometer. An old sportsman of Coldwater, Mich., claims that one preserved in his house has proved almost invariably correct. When rain and wind are expected, the spider shortens the thread which suspends the web. When reefs are let out, fine weather may be certain; but if the spider remains inert, rain will probably follow within a short time.

Near Schunga, on the western shore of Lake Onega, Russia, a new kind of coal has been discovered more highly carbonized than any formerly known. On analysis, it gives about ninety-one per cent of carbon, seven or eight per cent. of water, and one per cent. of ash. In appearance the coal has an adamantine luster, and it is very hard and dense. Its specific heat is set down as 0.1892. Although the proportion of carbon is so high, it yields none of the reactions which would justify its classification as a true graphite.

At a meeting of the Physical society, London, on June 25, Dr. Guthrie showed a new experiment in magnetism. When a magnet is suspended over a disk of copper and the disk rotated the magnet is repelled upward. In the experiment a horseshoe magnet was suspended from one end of a scale beam and counter weighted. As an explanation of the phenomenon of repulsion it was suggested that the vertically resolved force of the induction current before the magnet might be greater than that behind the magnet.

The printers of Vienna propose to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the introduction of Gutenburg's art in that city in a manner befitting so memorable an event. An illustrated book, prepared in the best style of the printer's craft, and treating of the history of the art in the Austrian capital from its infancy, is to be one feature of the celebration. Another will be an exposition of all the inventions and improvements made during the gradual development of printing. Twenty prominent printers and publishers of Paris will attend the festivities, and all the leading cities of Europe are expected to send representatives.

A Forest Scene Beside the Amazon

On the third evening after our departure from Bogota we encamped on the banks of the Rio Patamayo (a tributary of the Amazon), in a grove of majestic adansonias or monkey fig trees. High over our heads we heard an incessant grunting and chattering, but the evening was too far advanced for us to distinguish the little creatures that moved in the top branches of the tall trees. The next morning, however, the noise recommenced, and we saw that the grunters were a sort of small raccoons, and the chatterers a troop of monos or capuchin monkeys.

After a consultation with the Indians we fastened our monkey, Billy, to a string, and made him go up the tree as high as we could drive him without betraying our presence to his relatives. We had no traps for catching them, but our plan was to let them come near enough for us to shoot one of the mothers without hurting her babies. Billy's rope, as we had expected, got entangled before long, and finding himself at the end of his tether he began to squeal, and his cries soon attracted the attention of his friends in the treetop. We heard a rustling in the branches, and presently an old ring-tail made his appearance, and seeing a stranger his chattering at once brought down a troop of his companions, mostly old males, though. Mother-monkeys with their babies are very shy, and those in the tree-top seemed to have some idea that all was not right.

Their husbands, though, came nearer and nearer, and had almost reached Billy's perch, when all at once their leader slipped behind the tree like a dodging squirrel, and at the same moment we heard from above a fierce, long-drawn scream; a harpy-eagle was circling around the tree-top, and coming down with a sudden swoop he seized one luckless mother-monkey that had not found time to reach a hiding-place. The poor thing held to her branch with all her might, knowing that her life and her baby's were at stake, but the eagle caught her by the throat, and his throttling clutch at last made her relax her grip, and with a single flop of his mighty wings the harpy raised himself some twenty feet, mother, baby and all. Then we witnessed a most curious instance of maternal devotion and animal instinct—unless I should call it presence of mind; when branch after branch slipped from her grip and all hope was over, the mother with her own hands tore her baby from her neck and flung it down into the tree, rather than have it share the fate she knew to be in store for herself. I stood up and fired both barrels of my gun after the robber, but without effect; the rascal had already ascended to a height of at least two hundred feet, and he flew off, with his victim dangling from between his claws.—*Dr. F. I Oswald, in St. Nicholas.*

Precious Dirt.

Great care is taken in the shops of jewelers and others where articles are manufactured of gold to prevent the waste of the precious metal. Every scrap of filing, scraping or grinding is preserved for the assayer. The buff wheels on which gold or silver are polished, when they are worn out, are burned, and the fire soon develops fine particles of the precious metals that cannot be seen with the naked eye. Even the sweepings of the shops are kept, and are worth about $70 a barrel after the most scrupulous care has been taken to prevent stray pieces getting in to it. It is said that the Scotch assayers are most successful. Sometimes assayers will buy the sweepings of a shop at a given price per barrel, taking the risk of what they will yield.

Whenever a shop floor is to be taken up and renewed, it is always calculated that the dirt accumulated in the crevices will more than pay the cost of the new floor. Jewelers say that the value of the shop dirt is owing to the dust of metals that is blown about the place, and not from any carelessness of workmen. Even after the assayers have got through the loss on jewelers' stock is generally about two per cent. This includes whatever may be taken, if anything, by dishonest workmen.—*New York Sun.*

"OLD HICKORY'S" NOSE.

Lieutenant Randolph's Attack on President Jackson.

A Washington letter gives the following account of an affair which created a great stir at the time it occurred, Lieutenant Randolph's attack on President Jackson in 1833:

Lieutenant Robert B. Randol

The Centre Reporter.

FRED KURTZ ..... EDITOR.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Aug. 18, 1881.

The State capitol was struck by lightning the other day. It was after the legislators had gone home. And the Buffalo *Express* cruelly says, "Some people can never be found when they are wanted."

The Democratic State Committee met at Bolton's hotel, Harrisburg. After a free exchange of opinion the committee decided that the next State Convention should be held at Williamsport, on the 28 of September, 1881. The proceedings were harmonious.

Fred. Douglass earnastly advises the black Republicans of Virginia to vote the Mahone ticket.—Miff. *Telegraph*, (Rep.)

Of course, for all the white niggers of Virginia are doing the same thing. None but a white nigger will be a repudiator or Mahoneist.

The only regretable feature about the extra pay decision is that such members of the legislature as were willing to have business hurried on and the session closed at the end of the 100 days, must suffer the loss without any blame for the extended session. Thus it goes at times the innocent suffer with the guilty.

The inconsistency of the average politician is signally illustrated in the case of Senator Frye, of Maine, who last year could not find language severe enough to denounce the Democratic-Greenback coalition in his own State, but now urges the Republicans of Virginia to support the Mahone ticket which is pledged to the repudiation of thirteen millions of dollars of Virginia's debt.

The latest from Guiteau: It was learned from one of the guards at the jail that Guiteau has been in a very "cranky" humor for several days. On Saturday he endeavored for upward of an hour to extract some information as to the President's condition from the guard on duty at his cell door, and when he found that it was impossible he became very angry and swore roundly that he would send for the District Attorney and have immediate action taken on his application for bail. On Friday morning he complained of the heat and demanded to be removed to a cooler cell, and when this was refused reiterated his threat to press his application for bail.

Sam'l Miller, of Lyc Co., is charged with taking his father's life by means of poison in order to secure an isurance on his life. Many believe him innocent.

Murder is not an unnatural fruit of speculative life insurance.

Again—one of the dailies says:

An aged Pennsylvanian had thirty-two thousand dollars insurance on his life, most of it for the benefit of persons who cared nothing for him except to see him die. So he died, was exhumed, poison found in the stomach, and a son, who held one of the policies, was charged by a coroner's jury with murder. No man is too old to take warning by this case and not allow his life to be insured except for the benefit of some one who loves him and will need money in case of the old man's death.

So many towns and villages in Western Russia whose populations are principally Jewish have recently been burned that it is impossible to resist the suspicion of systematic incendiarism. Up to the end of June sixteen towns and villages were burned. Since then fresh fires have occurred, two of the most terrible of which were at Korez and Minsk. From ten to twenty houses and shops were destroyed at Korez and thirty-nine persons were killed. The bulk of the survivors were rendered destitute.

Anti-Jewish disturbances have occurred at Jastorw, West Prussia, during which a rabbi was wounded, his assailants escaping after a regular fight with the police. These are disturbances of the same character which have occurred at Bublitz in Pomerama.

At a session of the State Teacher's Association at Washington, one of the masculine teachers, says the Phila. *Ledger*, thought his own time and that of the Association well spent in listening to "A plea for the study of Esthetics," and on the day before another masculine occupied part of the session on an address on "The hero recognized and unrecognized." It will be seen at a glance how effectively these exceedingly pertinent topics will advance the inquiry into the most profitable line of study and methods of teaching for that vast majority of the school children who never got beyond a secondary. What could be more to the point than "Esthetics" or the "unrecognized hero?" When will these teachers' assemblages get down to the vital question upon which the schooling of more than sixty per cent. of the pupils depends?

The *Examiner* and *Chronicle*, Baptist, comments thus upon the temperance question in North Carolina:

The attempt to pass a prohibitive liquor law in North Carolina has failed, the constitutional amendment being voted down on Thursday last by a large majority. Unfortunately the matter was made one of party. The Democrats originated and advocated the amendment, and the Republicans opposed it The negro vote is what settled the issue, and the way in which the vote was manipulated shows the imperative need of educating those to whom the ballot has been given. The negroes were suspicious of the movement from the first, because of its origin, and their ignorance and fears were worked upon in the most unscrupulous manner by the Republican leaders, many of whom were engaged in the manufacture and sale of liquor. For instance, it is said that negroes were told that the law proposed would break down the public schools, take the right to vote from the Freedman, and actually reduce them to slavery again. A specimen of the effect of these falsehoods can be seen from this passage from a sermon preached by a colored minister: "De Scriptures say dat dare shall be one law for all, and dey is tryin' to take the wiskey from the poor cullud man, and let the rich white man drink all he wants. I've got a head of my own—I'm not to be turned about by larned Professors." With such material as this to work upon, it is not strange that the "poor cullud man" was induced to vote for his greatest curse, and the thing that makes him a slave indeed. As a political victory, it is one that any party might well wish its opponent to have, rather than itself.

William Mahone it found impossible to get the Republican party of Virginia into his pocket until it was broken in two.

The President may recover, but we at no time believed him out of danger notwithstanding the favorable bulletins that come each day announceing that he had "slept well," "that he feels better," and so on. Garfield we fear, has not been getting along quite so favorably, and one of the daily exchanges remarks of his case that the public is little aware of how extremely low the president is. He has, according to the doctors' reports, been getting better almost ever since he was wounded, and yet he is so extreemly weak that it is heralded as remarkable that he can sign his name. Every day he is reported as doing well; every night he has slept his best; every operation and dose of medicine has been most successful; and yet, though he received only a flesh wound in the first place, his vitality is all gone; he is forbidden to speak; he dare not think of business; he receives very little nourishment; he must be kept asleep by morphia, and he is, in general, as far from recovery as when he was shot. It is presumptuous, perhaps, to criticise his treatment when some of the best physicians and surgeons of the country have charge of him, but his "convalescence," if not a reflection on his physicians, is a reflection on their profession. It shows how little is known of the system and its proper treatment. For a long time it could not be determined whether the ball had struck the liver or not. At first it was declared that it had struck no bones, and only when pieces of the rib came out of the wound was the error corrected. The course of the ball is not yet entirely known, and the physicians are not certain where it is. The once powerfull frame of the president is reduced to a skeleton; his remarkable vitality, which also supported him, is about all gone. That such a strong man should be reduced while he is constantly improving—loosing weight, strength, voice, and color—and that in general he should be getting worse when he is getting better, it is certainly very remarkable. We hope for the best, but we cannot ignore the fact that he is very far gone.

Colonel George Corkhill, the United States Attorney for the District of Columbia, says that his reason for not bringing Guiteau into Court to be arraigned and held for trial, as is customary, is that he had knowledge that the members of two secret political organizations have taken oath to kill the man. In speaking upon this topic Colonel Corkhill said: "It is my duty to protect the prisoner, and I will do it; but I am certain that the minute he is brought in a public place he will be killed. I know it; but as for reaching the man who kills him that will be impossible, because his friends will guard him. People will say, if I know this, why not prevent it; but it is beyond my power. I will do my duty. No person except George Francis Train has applied to act as counsel for Guiteau; but, then, we do not want two lunatics to take care of. The prisoner was placed by my direction where the guard could keep a constant watch over him, and has been visited by no one except his mother-in-law, who came from Chicago. His family has declined to make any efforts to save him, knowing how useless it would be."

It was learned from other sources than District Attorney Corkhill that one of the organizations which has vowed to kill Guiteau is the Union League of America the other is the Federal League.

A REMARKABLE REVOLUTION.

The success of the Literary Revolution in producing a Cyclopædia, the largest ever published in this country, in large type, well printed and bound, at the nomiual cost of $15, seemed to the majority of book-buyers so remarkable, that the *second* Literary Revolution, which reduces the cost of this most excellent work to $10, seems almost incredible. The facts of the case are, however, made so evident and so reasonable, that there can be no questioning them. We have in this office some of the volumes which demonstrate their superior character in every way, and the facts and figures which we publish in detail in an article elsewhere in this paper, under the title of "A Second Literary Revolution," show very clearly, though very surprisingly, how it is possible to make such an extremely valuable and costly Cyclopædia accessible to the masses at such a trifling cost.

To remove any incredulity which might exist in the minds of some that this is only a plausiole scheme for getting a large amount of money in small sums from a great many individuals, in return for books which might never be delivered, the publishers do not require any payment whatever in advance. You may, if you please, simply send your order by postal card, and make no payment except upon the delivery of the goods themselves, and after you have examined them and found them satisfactory. Orders should be sent to the publishers at once, in order to secure the special terms given during the month of August.

TUESDAY'S BAD NEWS.

The President much worse.

An impudent negro shot down in Tenn., for insulting a white woman.

David Staffer, of Lancaster, fell through a loft on his blind mare and horribly kicked to death.

A man murdered at a dance in Miss.

A little girl in Reading named Fitterling, roasted to death by an explosion of coal oil.

One farmer shot another in Arkansas.

Baltimore will soon have a direct route to the sea across the Isthmus of Delaware and the eastern shore of Maryland, where a ship canal is to be cut within eighteen months. This will save 225 miles to all foreign ports, and will be of great advantage to Western exports.

SOMETHING NEW IN INSURANCE.

The Climax of the Speculative Business Now Supposed to Have Been Reached.

A "Mutual Assessment Birth Association" has been organized at Laurelton. It provides that legitimately married members who have been connected with the company one year can have their infants (born after one year's marriage) insured. That is, they can secure from $1.000 to $3,000 when their infant is born, after one year of married life. A policy of $500 costs $4.50, and for $3,000, $24. All members are taxed $4 per annum, payable semi-annually. To illustrate the operations of the company better it may be said: A and B marry. They take out a policy for $1,000 at once. They pay $9 for it, and $4 additional as yearly dues. At the end of their first year of married life they pay another instalment of $4 annual dues. Then, as soon thereafter as a child is born to them they are to receive full face value of their policy. No birth within a year after marriage is paid for. No allowance is made for twins or triplets. Each member must pay $1 assessment whenever a child is born in the class. There are no assessments the first year, but the annual dues must be paid, no matter how long the child lives. It must be born alive, however

PRESIDENTIAL DISABILITIES AND THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

It is evident that the question raised by the President's inability to perform the duties of the Presidential office must at no distant day be delt with as practical questions and a practical solution found. A special despatch to the *World* from Washington states a case which has already arisen in the naval service, and calls imperatively for such solution. An officer who has filled with credit for three years past the post of chief of the very important Bureau of the Navigation in the Navy Department is unfortunately suffering from a physicaly disibility which makes it necessary that he should be put on the retired list, and as the law constituting the bureaus of the Navy Department prescribes the employment at the head of each bureau of an officer "on the active list," he must vacate his post. No one but the President can appoint his successor, and every commission of an officer of the United States must be signed by the President before the seal can be affixed on it How, then, is a chief of the Bureau of Navigation to be provided? That the President is now incapable of performing so simple an official act as the signing of a commission appears positively from the following statement which was published a day or two ago in the *Tribune* in its Washington correspondence.

"The President has indeed written his signature once since he was wounded, but it was not an official signature. The day before yesterday was the anniversity of the birth of one of the children now at Mentor, and in commeration of the event the members of the family here got up an album to be sent to the little one. It was held up before the President, a pen was placed in his hand, and the result was something which can be recognized without much difficulty as the autograph signature of the President. It is crooked and angular, however, and will in coming years be an apt reminder of the physical weakness to which the writer was induced by the bullet of the assassin."

However interesing this scrawl which can be recognized without much difficulty as the autograph signature of the President may here after become from a sentimental antiquarian point of view, the fact that the President only once since the perpetration of Guiteau's atrocious crime has been able even to attempt to sign his name has a much more credit and serious interest at the present time. If the President has not been able even to sign his name for five weeks past, it is clear that he cannot have been able during that time of attending, even vicariously, to any public business of importance. The daily bulletins of the medical men in attendance upon the President sufficiently attest this. In a certain sense these daily bulletins may be fairly considered as so many certificates of the President's inability to discharge the duties of the Executive office How much or how little inconvenience and detriment the public business may have taken from this unhappy condition of the Chief Magistrate it is now not our object to inquire. That the importance of the Government to the general well being and progress of the country may be and indeed of late years habitually has been immensely overestimated we do not doubt. The course of events for the last few weeks sufficiently proves this, for, with the exception of the use of the President's condition by unscrupulous Wall street operators to frighten inconsiderate people into parting with good property at a loss, the current of public and private prosperity flowed steadily on, unruffled by the interruption at Washington of the regular working of the administrative machine. But for all the Chief Magistrate of the Union has important functions to perform in our political system, and if he is personally unable to perform these functions some means of getting them performed by another person ought, in justice to him as well as to the country, to exist. Do such means exist? If such means do exist, why have they not been employed? Is it now time to employ them, when will it be? Who is is to answer these questions? Answered they must be—if not now, within a very few weeks at furthest. It is the confident hope of all good men that the President may be restored to the free use of his faculties before the assembling in December of Congress But this confident hope may be disappointed Should this confident hope be disappointed and the President be unable to take part in the transaction of the public business when Congress meets, what is then to be done? What can be done then which ought not to be done now and might not be done now?

It is idle to disguise the truth that certain practical difficulties in the interpretation of that clause of the second article of the Constitution which deals with the subject of a Presidential inability exist, which has arisen partly out of the phraseology of the clause itself and partly out of the past construction of the clause. The langure of the clause is that "in case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice-President, and the Congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation or inability both of the President and Vice-President declaring what officer shall then act as President, and such officer shall then act accordingly until the disability be removed or a President be elected."

If this clause were to be construed as meaning that no person can be President of the United States save by a regular election to that office, but the person elected as Vice-President of the United States shall in certain contingencies discharge the duties of the Presidency without becoming himself a President, there might be less trouble in meeting the contingency with which the country is actually confronted A Vice-President could cease so to act with dignity and propriety upon the recovery by the President of his own ability to act. But the force of this clause of the Constitution was first tested not by the temporary disability but by the death of a President, and when Vice-President Taylor, in April. 1841, found himself called upon to act under this clause he expressly refused to do this as a Vice-President acting as President. He pronounced an "inaugural address" on the 9th of April, 1841, in which he declared that he had "devolved upon him the Presidential office," and that he had been called by the dispensation of the Almighty "to the high office of the President of this Confederacy." Again in his first Bank veto, Mr. Taylor spoke of himself as having "succeeded to the Presidential office." If the clause is to be construed as a whole and the interpretation of Mr. Taylor—adopted as it had been in two subsequent instances by Filmore and Johnson, and sanctioned as it had been by the assent both of the co-ordinate branches of the Government and of the people—is to be accepted, it would seem that the Vice-President once called in to discharge the duties of the Presidency "succeeds to the Presidential office," ceases to be a Vice-President and become a President. How then is he to be converted again into a Vice-President?—*World.*

Senator Frye, of Maine, is out in a letter theoretically repudiating, but practically restraining, repudiation. The reader will ask, "How can this be?" Easily enough. Senator Frye says that he repudiates repudiation, but nevertheless, when it comes to choosing between repudiators and debt-payers in Virginia—which is the practical part of the matter—he is for the repudiators. He is evidently strong in the faith, but weak in the practice of political morals.

A SECOND LITERARY REVOLUTION.

The first literary revolution consisted in the publication of standard books in every department of literature at from one-third to one tenth of their former cost.

The second literary revolution consists in a still further very great reduction (conditional) even from the revolution prices, while, at the same time, the average quality of the books will continue to be materially better

How Can These Things Be?

To attempt an impossibility could of course result only in failure, and it would be useless, in our own interest, or in that of the many thousand customers who have shown us such earnest favor, and have given us such great patronage, to announce or promise what could not be performed. We have dealt frankly with our customers in giving facts concerning costs and profits in the past, and we do it now, by giving facts and figures illustrating how we can afford to still further reduce prices

Facts and Figures.

Please note, at the start, our apology for not having done heretofore what we now propose to do, and consider—

1st—We pub lished our first book only so long ago as January 1879 Previous to that time we were entirely without experience as book publishers, What knowledge we had of the business was gained in newspaper publishing, and book selling.

2d—We were at that time also entirely without capital and until so late as February, 1881. we labored under the difficulty of being without capital even adequate for the magnitude of the enterprise we were undertaking

3d—Our entire scheme was in opposition of all previous methods of publishing and book-selling And from the beginning to the present, we have had the combined bitter opposition of almost the entire book publishing and book-selling classes of the United States.

4th—Starting thus, with a minimum of knowledge, and less capital, and with such immense opposition, we thought it best, in the interest of both the reading public and ourselves, that we undertake too little, rather than too much; partial success would be better than total failure.

5th—In spite of our want of resources and of experience, and in spite of opposition, and with the necessity of organizing and training our new forces, and necessarily trying many experiments, all of which no one could expect would be uniformly successful, we have from January 1880, to June 30, 1881, manufactured and sold nearly 2 000,000 volumes of standard books, for which we have received the considerable sum of $709 521 32

6th.—In a circular issued in January of the present year we made the following statement; "The public have so long been taught to believe books to be expensive luxuries and low prices impossible, that incredulity has from the first been the greatest obstacle to the progress of the Literary Revolution. It was easier to make good books cheap than it was to make people believe it could be done. We could readily have made prices even lower than they have been, but for the terrible tax we have been compelled to pay to this incredulity."

We have during this period, from January 1, 1880, to June 30, 1881, paid for advertising the large sum of $140.87• 93 This immense item necessarily has to come out of the profits we make on the books sold.

7th—Although our scheme originally embodied the principle of selling directly to the consumer, and doing away with the exorbitant cost of middlemen, we have not undertaken to put aside the book seller and book agent altogether, because a large portion of the book-buyers of the country have got into the habit of looking to them for their supplies. and if we were to supply the wants of such customers at all, we were compelled to do it through these ordinary channels. But we have endeavored to induce or compel these middlemen to work, as we have been doing, on a more reasonably small percentage of profit (the immensely increased sales at the reduced prices, even with the smaller commissions, really give the bookseller a larger net profit than he formerly had) Accordingly, we have during this period, from January 1 1880, to June 30, 1881 allowed to the book-sellers and book agents commissions averaging about 76 per cent of our total receipts In other words, in addition to the $709,621 32 we have received from the public for our books, the public has also paid to the middlemen the large sum of $117 380 33 simply for handling these books, making the total cost of the books to the consumer $886 901.65

8th—From these statements you can readily see that if

From the total amount which the public has paid for our books...	$886 901.65
We deduct the amount we have paid for advertising these books	$140,878 93
And the amount paid to middlemen for handling the books...	$177,380.33
We have a total deduction of	$318,259.26
And a remainder of.....	$568 642 39

Thus it is evident that if the public had bought these books directly from us, the unnecessary expenses of advertising, and of paying middlemen for handling them, being avoided, the books would have cost them only $568 642 39 being almost 36 per cent less than the $886.901 65 which they have paid for them, and our net proceeds would have been none the less.

A Better Illustration.

The above figures show clearly the possibility of a great reduction from our prices as heretofore given without diminishing our net income, but they do not necessarily show that it is possible for us to manufacture and sell books at such low prices without loss to us As we have never made pretense of publishing books from charitable or philanthropic motives, and do not wish our friends to think we are doing business at a loss, we will give a conclusive and interesting illustration of how we can afford these low prices.

Library of Universal Knowledge.

After a labor of nearly two years by an able corps of American editors and writers, for whose services we have nearly paid $30 000, we have within the brief period of less than ten months made electrotype plates for the Library of Universal Knowledge at a further cost of nearly $30 000 making a total investment on this work of about $60 000. This labor all being done and paid for, the 15 large octavo volumes, making the largest Cyclopædia ever published in this country. can be manufactured at a cost per set of 15 volumes of—

For paper.....	$2 52
For printing	96
For binding.....	2 48
Total.....	$5 96

These electrotype plates which we have manufactured will readily print 100 000 copies, and then by slight repairings will print from 50 000 to 100 000 additional copies. but to make our estimate absolutely safe we will assume that it will be necessary to manufacture a new set of electrotype plates after 60,000 copies have been printed. This we must add to the above cost of the manufacture of one set of the books ($5 96). an additional $1 as the proportionate cost of the plates for each set of 15 volumes. A further item must also be added to cover expenses of office, handling, shipping, etc., which experience leads us to estimate below 50 cents per set. but as we must do at least a safe business we will add, instead for this item another $1. making the total cost of manufacturing and handling the 15 octavo volumes of the Library of Universal Knowledge $7. 96

Thus you see if we sell a copy of this great Encyclopædia even at the net price of $10, we still have a net profit of over $2 As we have already sold about 15 000 sets in advance of completion, we think it very safe to estimate (and we have heard of neither friend nor enemy who makes an estimate lower) that we shall sell, as fast as we can manufacture them, at least 100, 000 sets, and allowing our figures above given to be correct. we have the comfortable sum of $200,000 to cover contingencies, and dividends to our stockholders

As some of our friends may question whether our estimates above given are perfectly safe, and as we have heard of some instances where the accuracy of figures previously given by us has been disputed by our enemies, we will say that the cost of the paper is put at 8 cts per pound, the cost of press work at $1 20 per thousand impressions, and the cost of binding at 16½ cents per volume.

The Practical Point.

We now come to the practical point in which you are interested—how you may get the books you want at the lowest possible cost.

It is evident that it can only be done by your doing away, so far as you are concerned, with our immense expenditure for advertising, and with the commissions which we or you are compelled to pay the middlemen, if you buy through the middlemen

Another extremely important point in enabling us to afford the lowest possible price is that we receive quick returns for the investments we have made.

You readily see that we have invested about $60 000, cash, before we are able to offer you a complete set of the Library of Universal Knowledge at any price. We must sell a great many thousand sets before we can even get back the money which we have invested, to say nothing of the reward which we must have, in some measure, for our labor and the capital of the stockholders involved.

A large portion of the public will persist in getting their supplies of books through the middlemen (who must be paid for their services) instead of from us direct; and as a large expenditure for advertising will also continue to be necessary, in finding out new customers, we must continue to hold to our present retail prices, in order that we may be able to pay these enormous expenses for advertising and for commissions to middlemen.

But because we are thus compelled to tax book buyers generally with these heavy expenses, there is no occasion why we should continue this heavy tax upon you individually if you choose to unite with us in avoiding it.

Our Proposition to You.

We therefore make you this proposition: If you will send your order for the Library of Universal Knowledge (either for your self or for any number of friends and acquaintance) so that we shall receive the same on or before the first day of September, 1881, we will accept such orders at a discount of one-third from our published list prices, making net prices to you as follows:—

Library of Universal Knowledge.	
For the 15 vols. in cloth, net	$10 00
In half Russia, sprinkled edges.....	13 33
In half Russia, gilt top.....	15 00
In full library sheep marble edges	16 66

Orders sent to us under this offer will be accepted and filled by us under the following terms and conditions:—

Conditions.

1st—We do not in this case, as has commonly been our custom, require that remittances shall accompany the orders. Payment may be made at any time that may suit the convenience of the purchaser, on or before the delivery of the books to him, and not later than January 1, 1882

2d—But in making deliveries of the books we shall make precedence to orders which are accompanied by remittance in full payment, shipping first those for which payment is first received.

3d—After filling all orders which have been fully paid for at time of order, we shall in shipping give precedence to orders which are accompanied by a payment of 10 per cent or more on account of said order, the balance than to be paid on or before the delivery of the books.

4th—Thereafter shipment will be made to those who have sent no payment with the order, precedence being given to those whose orders are first received by us, payment of course being required on or before delivery of the goods.

5th—We shall not consider orders unaccompanied by any remittance as binding upon the person making it, if from any cause he is unable to take the books, or shall not then desire to do so; but in case payment is not made promptly when such person is notified that his books are ready for delivery, he will first forfeit his position on our delivery list his name being transferred to the end, and in case payment is not made promptly when his name is again reached and he is notified, he will then forfeit the privilege of purchasing at less than our full list prices, and no order will thereafter be accepted from him under any similar special offer which we may in the future make on other of our publications, unless the same is accompanied by payment.

About Our Other Publications.

As the present stock of our miscellaneous publications is now comparatively limited, and as our entire manufacturing resources will in all probability be for months to come taxed to the utmost by the manufacture of the Library of Universal Knowledge alone, we cannot undertake to make an offer similar to the above upon the books covered by our miscellaneous list, except to the extent of our stock on hand. Until our supply is exhausted we will accept in connection with an order for the Cyclopædia, under the above offer, orders for any of our miscellaneous books at the same rate of discount (one-third) from our list prices, but in all cases we shall require that orders for miscellaneous books under these terms shall be accompanied by the cash, as these books can be delivered at once, and cash orders will certainly soon exhaust our supply.

Any remittance received for miscellaneous books, the supply of which may have by that time been exhausted, will be returned promptly, or the amount will be applied toward the payment for the Library of Universal Knowledge as may be directed

Very Important.

In connection with the special terms given above, please note particularly the following points:

1st—We look to you direct for your order, and we also ask you to assist in spreading the knowledge of the existence, character, and low prices of our publications The larger our sales and the more promptly they are made, the more rapidly can we go forward manufacturing other equally good books at equally low prices. We will gladly furnish you any reasonable number of catalogues and circulars for distribution

2nd—The terms herewith given are limited strictly to orders which shall be received by us on or before September 1, 1881. Orders received after that date must positively come under our usual list prices or terms to clubs, which latter are limited to 10 per cent. or at the utmost, 15 per cent. discounted from our list prices.

3rd—We are well aware of the fact that very many book-buyers have not at a moment's command even $10 which they can invest, however great the inducements This offer gives you the privilege of making payment when it suits your convenience, at any time before January 1, 1882.

4th—The "Library of Universal Knowledge" was completed on July 15th, 1881, and we are now delivering them in various styles of binding advertised. It is a verbatim reprint, in large type, of the last (1880) London edition of Chamber's Encyclopædia, with copious additions (about 15 000 topics) by American editors, the whole combined under one alphabetical arrangment, with such illustrations as are necessary to elucidate the text. It gives an amount of matter about 10 per cent more than Appeltons, and 20 per cent more than Johnson's Cyclopædia (price $51 00, in cloth). For the general reader it is undoubtedly the best Encyclopædia ever published whatever the price Specimen pages will be sent free upon application. AMERICAN BOOK EXCHANGE, 764 Broadway, New York. JOHN B. ALDEN, Manager.

FERTILIZING LARM LANDS

During the past year several farmers induced by the failure of crops have applied fertilizers to a limited extent, with marked result Many fertilizers are now offered for sale in Centre county. and we learn that the farmers are disposed to buy cheap, who will learn to their cost that low priced fertilizers are generally cheaper than the price, in other words, they cost money not well spent. There are few farmers who are posted in the constituent parts of fertilizers or in the analytical elements of farm products. To illustrate we herewith annex the analysis of 1000 dry parts of wheat, wheat straw, clover, corn and corn stalks:

	Wheat	Wheat Straw	Clover red	Corn	Stalks Corn
Silica (sand)	16	654	48	15	270
Lime.	28	67	371	15	86
Magnesia.	120	33	46	162	66
Peroxide of Iron	7	13	2	3	3
Potash.	237	125	267	261	96
Soda.	92	2	71	63	277
Chlorine.		11	48	2	20
Sulphuric Acid	3	58	60	23	5
Phosphoric acid	498	31	88	449	171

A glance at these analyses will show any intelligent farmer, that a fertilizer must contain parts to correspond with the analysis of the crops here shown. It is well established that fertalizers made up of these constituent parts, cost from $35 to $40 per ton. To illustrate the cost of first class fertilizers we make the following quotations from New York commercial lists of July, 1881:

Nitrate of Potash (potash 95 per ct) per lb. 7½ to 8½ cts. Sulphate of Potash (potash 44 per cent) 3½ to 4 cts. per lb Sulphate of Potash (potash 27½ per ct.) 1½ to 1¾ cts. per lb. German Potash Salts (potash 12 to 15 per cent) per ton $12 to $15. Muriate of Potash (potash 50 per ct) per lb. 2½ to 2⅝ cts. Nitrate of Soda, per lb. 4 to 4¼ cts. Sulphate of Ammonia (25 per ct) per lb. 5½ to 5¾ cts. Dried Blood (ammonia 13 per cent) per ton $50 to $52. Ground Bone, $35 per ton. Flour of Bone, $45 per ton.

These are the principal elements that are incorporated in first quality fertilizers, and farmers should study them well before investing their money, and not depend upon the arguments of glib tongued venders who care more to get the money, out of which they realize large profits, than to furnish value therefor. It is claimed by many intelligent farmers, that the failure of crops is caused principally by a deficiency of Potash Salts in the soil, and farmers should carefully avoid the purchasing of fertilizers which are not liberally supplied with this ingredient and also with ground or flour of bone, which furnishes the Posphoric Acid. The successful growing of grain depends upon the successful growing of clover It is useless to apply fertilizers that will not grow clover. The application of inferior fertilizers, has frequently given rise to the idle stories "that the use of fertilizers impoverish the soil." All that is wanted is to use the right quality of fertilizers, which will produce good crops of clover and the farmers will profit thereby.

HABITUAL COSTIVENESS

is the bane of nearly every American woman. From it usually arises those disorders that so surely undermine their health and strength Every woman owes it to herself and to her family to use that celebrated medicine, Kidney-Wort It is the sure remedy for constipation. and for all disorders of the kidneys and liver, Try it in liquid or dry form.—*Boston Sunday Budget,*

SEVEN NEGROES KILLED.

Lexington, Va., August 10.—Seven negroes were killed yesterday afternoon by a slide in a cut upon which they were at work on the Richmond and Allegheny railroad, six miles from here. Six of the negroes were convicts.

Invigorating Food for the Brain and Nerves is what we need in these days of rush and worry. Parker's Ginger Tonic restores the vital energies, and brings good health quicker than anything you can use. *Tribune.* See adv.

CURED OF DRINKING.

"A young friend of mine was cured of an insatiable thirst for liquor. which had so prostrated him that he was unable to do any business. He was entirely cured by the use of Hop Bitters. It allayed all that burning thirst; took away the appetite for liquor; made his nerves steady, and he has remained a sober and steady man for more than two years and has no desire to return to his cup; I know of a number of others that have been cured of drinking by it."—From a leading R. R. Official, Chicago, Ill.—*Times.*

My children had sore throat. Peruna cured them. M. L. Lenhart, Irwin Station, Pa.

London, August 15.—During a bull fight at Marseilles, yesterday, several tiers of seats collapsed and twelve persons were killed and 150 injured.

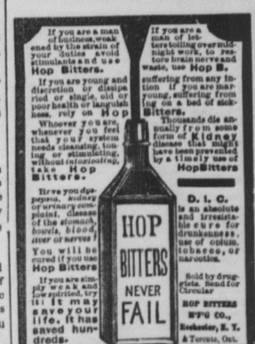
"Sellers' Liver Pills" have been the standard remedy for malaria, liver complaint, costiveness, etc., for fifty years.

Parties from the Rosebud Agency state that Spotted Tail was killed for seducing another Indian's squaw, and they say that this was his one hundred and fifth offence.

Ulcerated and itching limbs. Doctors failed. Peruna cured me. Mrs. P. Darson, Nevesburg, Pa.

A cripple from Montreal has passed throught central Vermont, en route, he says, for Texas. He is traveling on his hands and knees, and is attracting much attention.

Buffalo, N. Y, August 11.—Mrs. Millard Fillmore, wife of the late ex President Fillmore, died at her residence in this city to-night, aged seventy one years Mrs. Fillmore's life was characterized by charity, both public and private, being a liberal subscriber to many of the public charitable institutions of this city.



LEADING DAILY AND WEEKLY PAPER

In the West Branch Valley.

THE

SUN and BANNER,

Published by

H. T. SALLADE and H. M. WOLF, Jr.

Editors and Proprietors,

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

Has an able Editorial and Reportorial Staff!

Contains the Latest Telegraphic News!

Has a Reliable Corps of Correspondents!

AND HAS THE

LARGEST CIRCULATION

of any newspaper in

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

DAILY $6.00, *WEEKLY* $1.50

PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE

Any person getting up a club of five new yearly subscribers for the WEEKLY SUN AND BANNER, will receive a copy for one year free. 4aug4t

This Invitation Is From John Wanamaker.

On visiting Philadelphia you will find, among other places of interest, the *Grand Depot* well worthy of a visit. Its floor and gallery spaces now cover over three acres, and are filled with Dry Goods, Carpets, China, Furniture, etc. The last addition is a large and beautiful *Picture Gallery*, to which admittance is free.

The *Pneumatic Tubes* carrying the money through the air, and the *Electric-Light Machinery*, are also worth seeing.

There is a *Lunch-Room* in the building. Valises, baskets and packages can be left in charge of attendant in Ladies' Waiting Room.

Mr. Wanamaker is desirous that visitors should feel at home when they come, and be free to purchase or not, as they please.

NOTE.—Our large Catalogue, with prices and full directions for shopping by mail from any part of the United States, will be mailed gratuitously upon request, address JOHN WANAMAKER, GRAND DEPOT, PHILADELPHIA.

H. K. HICKS

Has the largest Stock of Hardware,

OILS, PAINTS, GLASS,

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

Coach and Saddlery Hardware

that is kept by any one dealer in Centre Co., and sold at the most REASONABLE PRICES. He is sole agent for the

Celebrated South Bend Chilled Plow.

that is guaranteed to give satisfaction over 250 NOW IN USE IN CENTRE COUNTY, in less than two years introduction.

21ap

Floreston Cologne.

A NEW AND FAIRHOUSE PERFUME, FRAGRANT, REFRESHING, LASTING. SOLD BY DEALERS IN PERFUMERY AT HARD 75 CENTS. HISCOX & CO., N. Y. GREAT SAVING IN BUYING THE 7½c. SIZE.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia and many of the best medicines known are combined in PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, into a medicine of such varied and effective powers, as to make it the Greatest Blood Purifier and Kidney Corrector and the

Best Health and Strength Restorer Ever Used.

It cures Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, and all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Lungs, Liver, Urinary Organs, and all Female Complaints.

If you are wasting away with Consumption or any disease, use the TONIC to-day. It will surely help you.

Remember! This TONIC is the Best Family Medicine ever made, and is far superior to Bitters, Essences of Ginger and other Tonics, as it never Intoxicates, and cures Drunkenness. Any dealer in drugs can supply you—50c. and $1 sizes. None genuine without signature of HISCOX & Co., Chemists, N. Y.

LARGE SAVING IN BUYING THE DOLLAR SIZE.

Parker's Hair Balsam.

An elegant, agreeable Hair Dressing that Never Fails to Restore Gray or Faded Hair to its Youthful Color. 50c. and $1 sizes.

WHAT WE HAVE NOT GOT

We have no Dress goods, all wool, and a yard wide, at 8 cents per yard.
We have no yard-wide Muslins at 2 cents per yard.
We have no Calicos at 2 cents per yard.
We have no handsmade Shoes, all warranted, at 75 cents per pair,
We have no First-Class, all wool suits for Men, at $2.50.
We have no trash of any kind that we are trying to gull the commuutiy with.

BUT WE HAVE GOT

A better grade of Dress Goods, at 15 cents and up, than can be bought at any other store in Bellefonte at same price.

We have at from 6 cents up a better value in Bleached and Unbleached Muslins than the same price will buy you elsewhere.

We have CARPETS that have two ounces more wool to the yard, at same prices that lower grades bring elsewhere,

We have the LARGEST STOCK of CARPETS, best assortment to select from that can be found in Centre county.

We have the best Three Dollar Child's Suits that the money can procure.
We have the best Five Dollar School Suits in Bellefonte for that price.
We have the best Ten Dollar Suits for Men sold anywhere.
We have the best work. trimmings, fits and appearance in our Clothing for the money procured in the county. All first-class Clothiers are selling the same make of Clothing. No slop shop trash, thrown or pasted together, but regular sewed, sameas any Merchant Tailor would or could make them

We have the very best hand-made BOOTS and SHOES that we can find, and warrant them. And our warrant means just what it expresses.

We have a reputation of 30 years' trading at stake to uphold all we advertise.

We have the interest of our Trade at stake, and always strive to keep our Customers well satisfied. This we accomplish by always giving the full value for what money they give us.

Call and convince your wavering mind.

S. & A. LOEB.

Organs! Organs!

Pianos! Pianos!

Bellefonte Music Store!

ORGANS BOUGHT BY THE HUNDRED,

and for CASH sold below the lowest.

NO AGENTS EMPLOYED!

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Don't forget it—get our prices before you buy. We

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

WM. KURTZ..... Associate Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa. Th'rs. Aug. 18, '81

THESE DAYS
Every train brings us
SOMETHING NEW.

We have some specially nice things to show you this week.

Whitmer & Co.,
CENTRAL SUPPLY DEPOT,
SPRING MILLS, PA.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Get your sugars for putting up fruits at Sechler's; they will keep just twice as long if you do.

—The Cammeeting, about two miles below Penn Hall, was very largely attended last Sabbath. There were about 20 tents.

Mrs. Dukes, of Colfax, Indiana, had running sore on her ankle for two years "Lindsey's Blood Searcher" cured it.

—Mr. Simon Harper, of this place killed a black snake which measured six feet in length. He came across the reptile while at work on his farm below town.

—Do you want a fine roast or nice juicy steak just try Solt's meat wagon, when he comes around on Tuesday and Friday mornings.

—John Limbert, of Middleburg, and Snyder county's boss landlord, popped into the Reporter office, a few days ago, much to our agreeable surprise. John knows how to keep a hotel.

—See the advertisement of the Williamsport Daily Sun and Banner, in another column. It furnishes all the late news and spicy editorials and costs only $6 per year.

—The Penn'a railroad advertises cheap summer excursions to all points and a suit of clothing for trips can be had very cheap at the Philad. Branch. They have just what you need for an excursion. Call and see before you start off.

—Mr. Wm. Sweetwood, of Waseca, Minn., is back to his former home, Potter twp., visiting his friends. He is well pleased with the country and climate, and from his healthy appearance we think it agrees with him.

—We were really surprised to see the large stock of glassware that is displayed at Dinges'. Almost anything from a salt-cellar up to the largest dishes can be found. The prices are very reasonable, indeed.

—A tramp was lately arrested at Kittanning with $2,000 on his person. The money was tied up in rags and concealed in different places about his clothing.

It is refreshing to think how often in pity the buckwheat cake was handed him.

—Truth is mighty and will prevail. At Sechler's, Bellefonte, the largest, best, purest and cheapest stock of groceries can be found; they are the king grocers of Central Penn'a.

—The wife of Philip Stires, of Flemington, Clinton county, gave birth to a pair of twins last week, and had previously been the mother of two pairs of twins, one trio of triplets and three one at a timers—twelve in all.

—Just call at Dinges' and see their large new stock of glassware, it is complete in every detail and the prices are much lower than the average Take our advice and go to see the stock, whether you wish to purchase or not; Cleve will be glad to show you his goods.

—Our young friend Mr. P. O. Stiver, now here on a visit, who went to Illinois over a year ago, has met with success as a teacher and besides has grown large and fat; we were pleased to have a call from him. He returns to Lamar. Ill., where he is vice-director of the public schools.

—The hot spell is upon us in all its fury; the best one can do is to keep cool. Wear garments in keeping with the season. You can get a cheap, cool suit, for a trifle, at the Philad. Branch, and make yourself comfortable by wearing it. Try one of Lewins' cheap summer suits.

—J. K. Young, writes, from Orangeville, Ill., Aug. 4: Hav crop No. 1; wheat and rye about average; oats about 65 bu. to the acre; corn promising; heat intense, and 98 in the shade; a great deal of sickness now; Thomas Wolfe, of Miles, is in Stephenson county visiting his daughter, Mrs. Wm Musser; Ben Herring, of Lock Haven, with his daughter, is also in Illinois.

—Just how some folks can afford to get along without dealing at Sechler's, is more than we can tell; but one thing we do know, is that those very ones that buy groceies from others are never prosperous in anything they undertake, for anyone who will knowingly waste money buying high-priced groceries, when they can get the very best at Sechler's for less than they must pay for trash, can not reasonably be expected to get along very well.

—Rev. S. L. Stiver formerly of Potter's Mills, now of Bunker Hill, Ill., has been visiting his old home, and stopped a short time to see the Reporter, on his return to Illinois. Mr. Stiver is a Presbyterian Minister, and possessed of a high order of talents. He has a flourishing congregation at Bunker Hill, and is held in high esteem by the people of that city.

—On last Sabbath morning, as Mr. Lose (son-in-law of Rev. Deininger) of Millheim, and wife, were on their way to camp meeting, about two miles from that town, a little daughter, aged about one year, took convulsions, while on the vehicle The parents took it to a house close to the road, where the little one died in less than an hour. Its teeth had been scored a short t me before, and it appears the convulsions were induced from teething.

An old lady writes us; "I am 65 years old and was feeble and nervous all the time, when I bought a bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic I have used a little more than one bottle and feel as well as at 30." See other column.

—The Lutheran pastor rejoices in a new crossing between the parsonage and James Boal's. This is what ought to have been done long ago. Saml. Bruss and James Boal deserve the thanks of Parson Fischer and the entire charge, as well as those of the town folks generally, for their share in this good work, and these thanks are h artily tendered. *

—The family of Wm. Harter, of Aaronsburg, had a reunion on Friday of last week, occasioned by a visit home of four sons in the west, John H. and Thomas of Nevada, Ohio, Daniel of Smithville, Ohio, and Israel and family, of Fulton, O. The remaining children, 8—12 in all—living in Centre and Union counties, with parts of their families were also present.

This is the first time the entire family, parents and 12 children, met under the parental roof all at one time. An artist from Lewisburg, Mr. Cornelius, was telegraphed for, and the group taken, lest so happy an opportunity might not again present itself for a complete family picture.

—Thrifty house keepers all buy their groceries of Sechler's, because they say they get the pure article and need not pay near as much for it as they would have to pay at other places for poor stuff.

A radical and somewhat discouraging change of procedure in the Western lynching system is reported from Fredonia, Missouri. A mob broke in to the jail there last week to get out the Hardin brothers, confined on charge of murder, and succeeded in overpowering the guard. One of the officers, however, handed his revolver through the bars to the prisoners and when Judge Lynch's emissaries attempted to open the cell, their leader, John Hoffman, was shot dead on the spot. As that was not the sort of fun the lynchers were after they gathered up Former Hoffman's remains and retired.

—A Threshing Machine Accident—A correspondent informs us of a terrible accident that occurred on Friday afternoon, the 29th ult, at the barn of Mr. Isaiah Neff in Chest township. Mr. Nolen and Wm. Thustin, of Ferguson township, were threshing wheat with a Separator. It being something new in that neighborhood, a large number of people including women and children, assembled to see it operate While Mrs. Franklin Pierce was crossing over the large tumbling shaft which was revolving at a high rate of speed, her clothes caught and she was taken around three times before the machinery could be stooped. She had a child in her arms, which she threw from her unhurt. Mrs Pierce was picked up in a frightful condition, being badly bruised and wounded. She was divested of nearly all her clothing She is still living and conscious, and there are some hopes she will recover.—Huntingdon *Monitor*.

—The Patrons of Husbandry, of Centre county, will hold their annual picnic on the top of Nittnay mountain, on the 15th of September.

—Rev. Kerr, of Bordentown, formerly of Centre Hill, administered the Lord's Supper at Centre Hill, Pres church, last Sabbath.

—The dwelling house of J. H. Mitchell, Lemont, was destroyed by fire, on Monday last. Loss, $600; insured, in the Pennsvalley Comp.

Had Chronic Catarrh and Constipation; could get no help. Peruna cured me. Mrs. S. B. Williams, Martin's Ferry, Ohio.

—The corn crop in our county will not be as large as hoped in the spring. There was too much dry spell. In parts of Kansas and Iowa the corn crop will be a total failure.

—Rev. D. J. Mitterling will fill the appointments of Rev. Hunter, at Egg Hill and Zion churches, next Sabbath.

My daughter had a very weak back. Peruna cured her. John Orgill, Pittsburg, Pa.

—Rev. Jas. Arney, of Mich., preached in the Ref. church, this place, last Sabbath.

—A span of mules have taken the place of the poor old horse, on the stage route between this place and Milroy. A very much needed change, indeed.

—Grain and provisions had a big up ward jump in Chicago the other day.

SPRING MILLS ITEMS.

Since the convention some faces have changed in this locality—hope they will soon recover, and all be merry again.

Prof Wolf's school is flourishing with nearly fifty students. The Principal Assistant Teacher is A. S. Brindle, A. M., Centre, S. C. Stover. Prof. H. F. Bitner is filling a place temporarily in Kutztown State Normal School.

Prof. D. M Wolf has been appointed one of the Judges of the Educational Exhibit to be held in September next, in Venango county, this state. This is one of the most perfect exhibitions of this kind ever held in the state.

Almost a fire—The planing mill of this place had caught fire but by discovering it in time and the assistance of the neighbors it was extinguished, leaving small damage to the roof over the engine house.

Jerry Erle received a painful bruise on his foot by the fall of a railroad tie upon it last Saturday.

Picnic.—A party from Watsontown, Montandon and other places, came to this place by special train on Saturday, to enjoy themselves. The citizens of this place, those that would like to have a suitable place for the accommodation of strangers, and parties of the kind, feel ashamed that not a more suitable place can be made for such occasions. This place can never expect many such parties if not a proper convenience is pre pared for them. As a general thing the greater part of the citizens of this place are too selfish, they wish to make money but are not willing to lay out for to make any improvements to the place. The sooner these parties or owners of land can be removed and their places occupied by such that will take an interest to make this a place, then and no sooner, can this place be supplied with the necessary accommodations for strangers. *

Trial List—The following is the list of cases awaiting trial in the August term of court, which begins on Monday, 22 inst.

FIRST WEEK.

J B Smith.....vs.	Daniel Durst.
Wm Bethlehem.....“	John Peters.
J Klinger, use of...“	James M'Manus.
Jas H Williams.....“	F P Barr
Jno Bowersox.....“	J B Lentzell.
Geo W Walker.....“	Elias Horner.
Same.....“	Same
Joseph Dowling.....“	H Merriman et al.
Enos Erdle et ux...“	J C Johnson et al.
John F Potter.....“	J A Cryder.

SECOND WEEK.

Charles Miller et al vs	George A Bayard.
J C Miller et al.....“	George A Bayard
A Kerrin.....“	M Kerrin's Ad'rs.
E Elliot.....“	C Hubler et al.
W W Brown et al...“	B F Shaffer.
W L Musser.....“	M D Rockey.
Bird Coal & Iron Co“	W M Holmes.
J R Lourie et al.....“	John Straw.
J A Beaver.....“	J A Winter et al
J M Wagner, use of“	A Masters et al
J Rex Alexander“	Jno I Thompson.
J R&C T Alexander“	Jesse Stewart.
H Eckinroth's Ad'rs“	John W Cook
J D Gardner.....“	John W Cook.
H T Farnsworth.....“	Wm P Humes
Benj Weiland.....“	Elizebeth Mallery
Michael Korman.....“	Daniel Korman.
Daniel Hess.....“	Geo Durst. et al.
David Keller, agent“	J & F Docker.
Thos Merriman.....“	Jno T Fowler
Josh G Tizzle.....“	James Gates.
Samuel Hoover.....“	Penn'a R R Co.
Adam Bartges.....“	J G Meyer
William Wolf.....“	H Garver et al.
A B Riddle's Adm'rs“	John W Cook.
R T Conley.....“	Jos L Neff et al.
G Odenkirk's Ex'rs“	W H Bonner et al
Isaac Thomas.....“	Lot Stratton.
D J Meyer.....“	J B Solt
Wm Jamison.....“	W H Blair.

AUGUST COURT.

Grand Jurors —Walker—D Deitrick. Howard boro—H A Moore Halfmoon—Wm Wike Liberty—M Pletcher. Huston—S Williams. Boggs—H Heston, D B Malone. Rush—J Cathaman Patton—Jno Biddle Millheim—G W Swartz. P P Musser Spring—L G Barich. Benner—S A Marshal. J B Rockey. Worth—W Young Ferguson—J Musser, Jr Potter—J Witmer Wolf, J B Bitner, W McCormick, Jr. Haines—Isaac F Stover. Curtin—D Robb. U Singer. Snowshoe—Jno Gunsalis. Miles—Thos Brumgard.

Traverse Jurors, 1st Week —Ferguson, Jno Love. O M Sheets, J E Ward. B F Homan. Potter—W R Camp. E B Hosterman, Jos Gilliland, Th Lingle, Wm Stiver, J F Miller. W A Kerr. W C Farner. College—E Peters. Geo Mariz Haines—Lewis Mensh. U Stover, Geo Bower Curtin—N J M'Closky Worth —E R Jones, J Gingerich Harris—John Wewer, J S Boal, W Bradford, Ferguson Potter, J Confer, Jr. Boggs—Geo Fleck. J A Crider, C Curtin, L Shope. Marion —D K Miller. Burnside—W Zimmerman Liberty—D Glosner Patton—C M Ceisers. Gregg—W H Bartholmew, Ed Krumrine Philipsburg—D W Holt, Snowshoe—T Walker, Ed Poorman Huston—W R Mattern. Halfmoon—Joe Cronister, S Mattern. Miles—H Wolf, D Koush Spring—Geo Knufman. Penn—Aaron Ulrick. Walker—W Clevenstine

Traverse 2nd Week.—Benner—t Dale, G W Rhodes, G F Emerick, A J Shivery. Millheim—J S Barr. Snowshoe —J H Holt, C Holt. Worth—A Sheney, W Beckwith, J G Jones Bellefonte—L T Munson. J S Lane. G M Swartz, Jas Irvin, D E Kline. W H Wilkison. Union—G W Wilson Haines—G R Spigelmyer, J H Wile. Philipsburg—D H Parker, A Jones. Harris—F M Farlane. Potter—D Evans. Rush—J Dumbleton. Howard—G D Johnson. Gregg—Henry Emerick Ferguson—J B Mitchell Miles —Jno Ruth. Boggs—E Zimmerman, H L Harry, S Bastuan. Walker—D Dunkle, Sr Taylor—D Beanes Spring—C Eckenroth, J Lutz. College—D A Grove.

[*From the Bellefonte Republican, Feb.* 9.]

We have always carefully abstained from commending or puffing the so-called patent medicines that have come under our notice, always giving them a "wide berth," but when an article of genuine merit becomes known to us, we believe we are not only doing justice to ourselves but to the community at large in making it known Such an article we know 'Green's Compound Syrup of Tar, Honey and Bloodroot" to be, having used it in our family for years with perfect satisfaction, so much so that we consider it an indispensable article of household use.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, August 15—Wheat, No. 2 red, 1.36; corn, 66c; oats, 44c. Cattle [illegible]

A CLOUDBURST.

SUDDEN AND DISASTROUS FLOOD IN THE COLORADO MOUNTAINS.

The Towns of Central, Blackhawk and Idaho Springs Swept by the Deluge.

Denver, Col., August 9, 1881.—A special despatch from Central City says: "The most destructive flood in the history of this country occurred yesterday afternoon At half-past two o'clock a heavy storm cloud appeared, accompanied by almost incessant thunder and lightning. About four o'clock our citizens were startled by an almost unearthly roar to the west, and almost instantly a volume of water of between four and five feet came rushing down Nevada and Eureka streets, taking everybody by surprise Heavy quartz teams standing on the streets were overturned and carried down stream like feathers. Rocks weighing five or six hundred pounds were rolled along the streets like pebbles. Animals and everything in the track of the flood were swept away, and in an incredibly short time the streets were cleared of people, everybody seeking shelter. During the flood large masses of debris were carried through the streets at the rate of about fifteen miles an hour. The whole length of the gulches, from Nevadaville on one side and the head of the Eureka on the other, presents the most desolate scene imaginable. The roadways are entirely destroyed, in some places the ruts being four or six feet deep and extending for hundreds of yards The entire length for about three miles is strewn with debris of every kind. At several points between Central and Blackhawk streets the debris is piled twenty feet high. Eureka street for a quarter of a mile is one mass of rocks and rubbish. On Main street four feet of saud are deposited.

The flood was caused by the bursting of a rain cloud a little west of the city. The natural channel of the stream became dammed, turning the water into the streets.

Damages.

The only loss of life known at present is that of Joseph Gerry, whose body was found in the Blackhawk. The flood lasted only twenty minutes. The damage is estimated at about $50,000 sustained by the highway. A number of small houses upon it was washed away and many residences and stores were flooded, and mud and sand were deposited on the floors and in the cellars to the depth of several feet.

Advices from Idaho Springs say the flood was the severest ever experienced there. Several houses in Virginia Canyon were carried away. A girl of six years was drowned. Nearly all the railroad and country bridges between the forks of the creek and Idaho were swept away and nearly all the houses in the business portion of the town were flooded and the streets damaged. The damage at Idaho will amount to $20,000. It is estimated that it will take 100 men 48 hours to repair the damage to the railroad track between Idaho and Floyd Hill. No trains are expected to depart or arrive in Central until late to-day.

THE PRESIDENT IS TAKEN WITH SEVERE VOMITING SPELLS.

Executive Mansion, Washington, August 15, 8:30 a. m.—(Official.)—The president did not rest as well as usual last night. Until toward 3 o'clock his sleep was not sound, and he woke at short intervals. His stomach was irritable, and he vomited several times. About 3 o'clock he became composed and slept well until this morning. His stomach is still irritable and his temperature rather higher than yesterday morning. At present his pulse is 108, temperature 100.2, respiration 20.

Pulse 130 and Respiration 22.

6:30 p. m.—(Official.)—The irritability of the president's stomach returned during the afternoon and he has vomited three times since one o'clock. Although the afternoon rise of temperature is less than it has been for several days, and the pulse and respiration are more frequent, so that his condition is on the whole less satisfactory His pulse is now 130, respiration 22, temperature 98 6.

There is much alarm in Washington over the president's condition.

SOMETHING FOR DOCTORS.

All "practitioners of medicine and surgery" are interested most particularly in the laws passed at the recent session of the Legislature, providing for their registration. This law went into effect at once, and was signed by the Governor on June 8th, so that it is now operative. It provides that the prothonotary of each county in the State shall provide a book to be known as the "medical register," and shall set apart one full page for the registration of each practitioner in the county. Every person who practices medicine or sugery must present to the prothonotary his diploma for record, and the prothonotary must then enter his name, place of birth, residence, etc., on that record, and place a copy of the diploma on file in the office for public inspection. Other sections of the bill make provision for cases where the diploma has been lost, and for persons who have been practicing for ten years without having a diploma.

The penalty for practitioner omitting to register his diploma, etc., or for otherwise violating or neglecting to comply with this act, is a fine of $100, one half which goes to the prosecutor, or an imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both, at the direction of the court.

The Queen "cut" the Baroness Burdett-Coutts publicly at the late garden party at Marlborough House. Mr. Smalley tells how it was done

The Queen stood, as usual, with a vacant space in front of her: a space into which no mortal presumes to set foot without signal of her Majesty Lady Burdett-Coutts was seen advancing through the crowd—for crowd there was —the outer circle, with intent to place herself beneath the eyes of the Queen, and so secure that recognition which would entitle her to approach the sovereign, and give, as she hoped some visible token to the world that she was once more in her Majesty's good grace. Many saw the Baroness' movement The Queen saw it, and what her Majesty did on seeing it was to turn her Royal back on the Baroness Burdett Coutts and walked smartly off to another part of the grounds

The act was understood to be public confirmation of the report that the Queen was bitterly opposed to the Baroness' marriage, and not disposed to forgive her for it.

WICKED FOR CLERGYMEN.

Rev. ——, Washington, D C, writes: "I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for ele gymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or vile stuffs called medicines, but when a really meritorious article made of valuable remedies known to all, that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use I will not be without them."—*New York Baptist Weekly.*

One of Stonewall Jackson's staff says: "I have frequently seen him nodding by the camp fire, with his staff laughing and talking around him, sleeping in the saddle amid the dust, confusion and discomforts of a march, but, likewise, on more than one occasion were under fire, as was notably the case at Halltown, in May, 1862, when I made a pencil sketch of him as he reclined upon the ground against a tree in the rear of a battery, not more than thirty feet from the guns, and was slumbering as placidly as an infant in its mother's arms, while the cannon were firing rapidly, and their reports were as loud as 'the live thunder' itself."

After a full hearing, Samuel Miller, of Lycoming county, was released from custody, after nearly a week's detention on suspicion of having poisoned his aged father to obtain a large amount of speculative insurance money.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

(*The Christian Guide.*)

AUGUST 21.

Lesson VIII.—The Manna.

Exod. xvi. 1 8.

Golden Text.—Moses gave you not that bread from heaven; but my Father giveth you the true bread from heaven.—John vi. 32.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. *Elim* Meaning trees It was a place where there were twelve wells, or rather fountains "of water and threescore and ten palm trees" (Chap xv 27)

The situation of Elim is not positively known; but it is usually identified as Wady Gharundel, about half way down the shore of the Gulf of Suez.

It is the first p'easant spot we meet with in the wilderness. It has a running brook with sweet, fresh water, palms and plenty of shrubs and grass.

Wilderness of Sin. The Desert of Sin is a long plain that borders on the Gulf of Suez The meaning is *mire, clay*; the reedy and miry portion of it along the shore of the Red Sea may have suggested the name

Second month after departing. They departed on the 15th day of the first month, so that the 15th day of the second month would make the time to be just one month after they left Egypt

2 *The whole congregation murmered* Because their food gave out How unreasonable the charge against Moses and Aaron How ungrateful and impious against God!

The want of food was first felt after six weeks from the time of the departure from Egypt We have no notice previously of any deficiency of bread.

3 *By the hand of the Lord* This evidently refers to the plagues, especially the last in Egypt; the death which befell the Egyptians appeared to the people preferable to the sufferings of famine —Cook

Flesh pots. The original word is from the Egyptian, and refers to the vessels in which flesh was cooked —Johnson.

It is the nature of man to underrate past evils, and overrate past advantages in comparison with the present.

Bread to the full. This expression shows that the sufferings of the Israelites in Egypt did not arise from the want of food Egypt was a land of plenty.

Ye have brought, &c Inasmuch as Moses and Aaron had acted under the divine direction, the complaint was really against God; but the people did not dare to find fault with him and so they condemned themselves with blaming his servants

4. *Rain bread from heaven.* This refers, of course to the manna, which was given for the first time on the following night.

This marks at the outset the strictly supernatural character of the supply. Without such supply the vast number of people could not have lived long in the wilderness

The longsuffering patience of God is here displayed Instead of punishing them for their unbelief, he provided for their wants.

The manna was "a small round thing as small as the hoar-frost upon the ground" "It was like coriander-seed, white, and the taste of it was like wafers made of honey"

The manna of Egyptian commerce was found chiefly in the peninsula of Sinai. It is the sweet juice of the tarfa. It exudes from the trunk and branches in hot weather, and forms small white grains.

The manna of the Exodus was not the same as the above, but miraculous.

A certain rate every day. That is, the quantity sufficient for one day's consumption This may be better expressed, "a day's portion each day"

That I may prove them. The trial consisted in the restriction to the supply of their daily wants —Cook.

The manna would not keep; they could not hoard it up, and were therefore in a state of absolute dependance from day to day.

Walk in my law. The root of all obedience is faith in God; hence a trial of the Israelites faith was also a trial of their disposition to obey —Johnson

5 *Prepare that which they bring.* The manna gathered on the sixth day was to be eaten in the form in which it was brought in It was first bruised in a mortar, or ground in a mill, and then baked into bread. This was to be done on the day before the Sabbath

Twice as much On the day before the Sabbath they were to collect and prepare a double quantity to last over the Sabbath on which day they did not gather any in the field

6. *Moses and Aaron.* Now communicate the merciful design of the Lord to the people.

Then shall ye know. By experience of his wonder-working power they should have a new proof that he had brought them out of Egypt.

They learned to forget his wonders in Egypt when they ascribed their present position to Moses and Aaron.—Murphy.

7 *The glory of the Lord.* The visible appearance described in verse 10.—Cook

Before God supplies our wants he shows us that his presences by them is near, and he reveals his glory. That presence is in it self sufficient, for no good thing shall be wanting to them that trust in him.—Edersheim.

Your murmurings. True, it was only against Moses and Aaron that their murmurs were spoken. But in reality their rebellion was against God

When we begin to fret and be uneasy, we ought to consider that God hears all our murmurings, though silent, and only the murmurings of one heart. Princes, parents, masters, do not hear all the murmurs of their inferiors against them, and it is well they do not, for perhaps they could not bear it; but God hears and yet bears.—Henry.

8. *Flesh to eat* The promised flesh came in the shape of a vast flock of quails, which being wearied, probably, with a long flight, flew so low that they were easily taken in immense numbers by the hand.

The bird is something like the partridge. The larger species is of the size of a turtledove, and is still found abundantly in the deserts of Arabia Petræa, and the wilderness bordering on Palestine and Egypt.

In the morning bread to the full The manna fell by night as the dew falls, and it would seem, fell with and in the dew so that when the dew evaporated under the morning sun, there remained this very fine deposit—a small round thing, as small as hoar-frost upon the ground.

The gathering, the preparation of it for cooking, and the cooking itself cost labor, yet laborious by none too much for the health and morals of the million

Manna in the wilderness is but the type of that which each man has—and especially of that each Christian has. Jesus Christ is that bread from heaven which believers eat and live forever. Every longing of the soul he can meet. "They shall be filled"

It is impossible now to read the narration without connecting it with the Savior's discourse to the Jews (John vi 27-58) and from which it appears that over and above the supply of a present and passing necessity, this manna was designed like the brazen serpent, and the water from the rock of Rephidim to prefigure and prophesy the coming of Him in whom the wants of the soul would be so fully met as those of the body were by these well known miracles.

Not against us That is, not so much against us, as against the Lord; the murmuring implied a distrust of the people in the divine mission of their leaders, notwithstanding their previous miracles.—Cook

CENTRE COUNTY TEACHERS' EXAMINATIONS.

The following order of time and place will be observed in the teachers' examinations for 1881.

Millesburg and Boggs: Millesburg, Monday Au 22.
Unionville and Union: Unionville, Tuesday Aug 23.
Huston: Julian Furnace, Wednesday, August 24.
Worth: Fort Matilda, Thursday, August 25.
Taylor: Hannah Furnace, Friday, August 26.
Philipsburg and Rush: Philipsburg, Sat., Aug 27.
Snowshoe and Burnside: Snowshoe, Tuesd., Aug 30.
Liberty: Eagleville, Wednesday, August 31.
Howard and Curtin: Howard, Thursday, Sept 1.
Marion: Jacksonville, Friday, September 2
Walker: Hublersburg, Saturday, September 3.
Spring: Valentine's School House, Tuesday, Sept 6.
Benner: Krow School House, Wednesday, Sept 7.
Patton Waddle's school House, Thursday, Sept. 8.
Halfmoon Stormstown, Friday September 9.
College Lemont Saturday, September 10
Haines Aaronsburg, Monday, September 12.
Millheim and Penn Millheim, Tuesday, Sept. 13.
Miles Rebersburg, Wednesday, September 14.
Gregg Penn Hall, Thursday September 15.
Potter Centre Hall, Friday, September 16
Harris Boalsburg, Tuesday, September 20.
Ferguson Pine Grove, Wednesday, September 21.

A special examination will be held at the Superintendent's office, Bellefonte, Friday September 30; applicants must come recommended by, at least four directors of the district in which they intend to teach and give a satisfactory reason for non-attendance at the public examinations.

Examination begins at 9 o'clock a. m. Applicants are expected to be in time. Some of the directors also should be present to make out a list of applicants.

D M. WOLF, Co. Supt.

HOW ARE YOU MY OLD FRIEND?

Asked a bright looking man. "Oh! I feel miserable, I'm billious and can't eat, and my back is so lame I can't work." Why in the world don't you take Kidney-Wort? that's what I take when I'm out of sorts, and it always keeps me in perfect tune My doctor recommends it for all such troubles. Kidney-Wort is the sure cure for billiousness and constipation. Don't fail to try it. 26 may 7m

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling-out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assayer of Massachusetts. The popularity of Hall's Hair Renewer has increased with the test of many years, both in this country and in foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world.

For Sale by all Dealers.

A MEXICAN VILLAGE DEPOPULATED BY THE REDSKINS.

Chicago, August 15.—A *Times* special from Las Vegas, N. M. of yesterday's date, says: Meagre news reached this city at a very late hour last night that the Apaches had swooped down on a small Mexican village, eighteen miles from Rio Puerco, a point on the Atlantic and Pacific railway and murded twenty-seven out of twenty-nine inhabitants. The two Mexicans who made good their escape were nearly exhausted when they reached the railroad, and had their horses shot down from under them before getting out of reach of the Indians.

DISASTER IN VIENNA.

Vienna, August 13.—An old building, four story high, situated in the most frequented part of the city next to the Graben, suddenly fell shortly before noon to-day. The greater part of the house was occupied by offices and fashionable shops. Twenty lives were lost and thirty persons were seriously injured.

DIED.

On 13 in Rebersburg, of consumption, Amon Wolf aged 31 years, 7 months and 14 days. In his death that community loses a respected and useful citizen His funeral on Tuesday was very largely attended.

Mrs Shuey, of Pleasant Gap, a daughter of Joseph Condo, died of cancer, on Sunday, 14, aged about 27 years.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS.

Special Inducements are offered you by the Burlington Route It will pay you to read their advertisement to be found elsewhere in this issue. 26 may 7m

NOTICE.

By virtue and authority of the powers and duties in me vested by the 11th section of act of Assembly of the 24th day of May, 1871, all fish baskets, eel wiers, kiddles brush or fascine nets, or any other permanently set means to take fish in the nature of a seine which are known to be wastefull and extravagant modes of fishing, existing in any of the streams within Centre County, are hereby declared common nuisances and are ordered to be dismantled by their owners or managers, so as to render them no longer capable of taking or injuring fish of the streams of whatever kind; and all such fish baskets or wiers, where they now exist are not destroyed or dismantled within 10 days after the date of this notice, I shall proceed to remove and dismantle the same as directed by said 11th section of act 24th of May, 1871.

JOHN SPANGLER,
Bellefonte, Pa., Aug. 14, 1881. Sheriff

FERTILIZERS.

BAKERS BALTIMORE PHOSPHATE

CROCKERS BUFFALO PHOSPHATE

SOUTH CAROLINA BONE.

SULPHATE OF POTASH.

BOSTON PACIFIC GUANO.

Prices very low. At the Farmers' Supply Store, opposite the Bush House, Bellefonte, Pa.

11aug 3t ALEXANDER & CO.

KIDNEY-WORT
DOES WONDERFUL CURES! WHY?
Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.
Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develops in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and Female Complaints.
SEE WHAT PEOPLE SAY:
Eugene R. Hoff, of Junction City, Kansas, says, Kidney-Wort cured him after regular Physicians had been trying for four years.
Mrs. John Arnall, of Washington, Ohio, says her boy was given up to die by four prominent physicians and that he was restored to health by Kidney-Wort.
M. M. B. Goodwin, an editor in Chardon, Ohio, says he was not expected to live, being bloated beyond belief, but Kidney-Wort cured him.
Anna L. Jarrett of South Salem, N. Y., says that seven years suffering from kidney troubles and other complications was ended by the use of Kidney-Wort.
John B. Lawrence of Jackson, Tenn., suffered for years from liver and kidney troubles and after taking "barrels of other medicines," Kidney-Wort made him well.
Michael Cots of Montgomery Center, Vt., suffered eight years with kidney difficulty and was unable to work. Kidney-Wort made him well as ever.
KIDNEY-WORT
PERMANENTLY CURES
KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, Constipation and Piles.
It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form in tin cans, one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for those that cannot readily prepare it.
It acts with equal efficiency in either form. GET IT AT THE DRUGGISTS. Price, $1.00
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop'rs.
(Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of sundry writs of Feirl Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, and to me directed there will be exposed at Public sale at the Court House in Bellefonte, on SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, A. D 1881, at one o'clock p m. the following described real estate of the defendants to wit:

No 1. Suit of John Irwin Jr. vs C Holter, et al No 136 Jany T 1881 Debt $3 572 20 Vend Ex. No 29 Aug T 1881. Furst Att'y

The following described real estate of C Holter one of the defendant's, to wit: All that certain tract or piece of land situated in Liberty township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit: On the north by lands of Jacob Holter and Henry Thompson, on the east by the lands of Thomas Butler and James Wagner, on the south by lands of Levi Sulenberger and John Thomson. Containing 180 acres more or less. Thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house, large bank barn and other outbuildings.

ALSO.

All that certain tract or piece of land situated in Liberty township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: On the north by lands of Curtin & Co., on the east by lands of J D Gardner, on the south by lands of Christ Holter and on the west by lands of Henry Thompson, containing 50 acres more or less; no buildings.

ALSO.

The real estate of John D Gardner another of the defendants, to wit: All that certain tract or piece of land situated in Liberty township, Centre county, Penn'a: Bounded on the north by lands of Curtin & Co., on the east by the lands of Thomas Butler, on the south by the lands of Christ Holter and on the west by lands of Henry Thompson, containing 40 acres more or less no buildings, and out of the above described premises 20 acres set apart to John D Gardner, the defendant, under his claim for ($300) leaving all that certain lot or piece of ground situated in Liberty township, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded on the north by lands set apart to John D Gardner, on the east by lands of Thos Butler, on the south by the lands of Christ Holter and on the west by the lands of Henry Thompson, containing 10 acres more or less, no buildings.

ALSO

The following described real estate of Simon Lingle one of the defendants, to wit: All that certain tract or piece of land situated in Liberty township, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded on the north by the lands of T A Snyder and John F Clark, on the south by Bald Eagle creek and on the west by public road and by lands of J E Snyder and O M Burlew, containing 50 acres more or less, thereon erected a two story dwelling house, small barn and other outbuildings

ALSO.

All that certain tract of unseated land situated in Liberty township, Centre county, Penn'a, surveyed in warrantee name of John Potter, bounded on the north by Bald Eagle creek, on the east by the lands of Samuel Bechdol, on the south by lands of John Irwin and on the west by lands of J G Love and Dr. J Bechdol, containing 100 acres more or less, thereon erected a small frame tenant house,

ALSO.

All that certain tract of unseated land situated in Liberty township, Centre county, Penn'a, surveyed in the warrantee name of Simon Lingle, bounded on the north by lands of John Masden, on the east by lands of Liggett heirs and others, on the south by lands of John Irwin, Jr; and on the west by lands of Clark and Spangler and others, containing 75 acres more or less; no improvements.

ALSO.

All the right title and interest of the said Simon Lingle, in and to all that certain tract of unseated land situated in Liberty township, Centre county, Penn'a, bounded on the north by lands of Liggett heirs and others, on the east by lands of William Dehass, on the south by lands of Simon Lingle, containing 168 acres more or less. Surveyed in the warrantee name of Shaw and Lingle; no improvements Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Christian Holter, Simon Lingle and J D Gardner.

No 2.

Suit of Geo Hopson use of John Hopson vs R R Bridgens, No 33 Jany term, 1881 Debt $8461, vend ex No 25, Aug term. 1881. Furst att'y.

All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situate in Harris township Centre county, Penn'a, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post and running along lands of George Shenebarger north 81° west 15 perches to a white oak, thence along lands of Dr A Henderson heirs south 55° west 89 perches to a stone thence along lands of John Bason south 27½° east 96 4-10 perches to a white oak, thence south 62½° east 7 perches to a stone, thence south 27½° east 127 perches to a stone, thence along lands of George Shenebarger north 72° east 94 5 10 perches to a stone, thence north 27½° west 77 8 10 perches to a white oak stump, thence north 68½° east 13 perches to a stone, thence along land of Joseph Moyer north 27° west 98 perches to a post, thence north 69½° east 8 10 of a perch to a post, thence north 27° west 14 perches to a post, thence south 69½° west 8 10-10 of a perch to a post, thence north 27° west 54 perches to the place of beginning, containing 147 acres and 93 perches being the same tract of land which was seized in execution upon a judgment vs John B McWilliams and which was conveyed to George Hopson by deed of R P Shaffer, High Sheriff of Centre county, dated Nov 29, 1875 and by said George Hopson and wife conveyed to R R Bridgens by deed dated Dec 23 1875, thereon erected a two story dwelling house, large bank barn and other outbuildings Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of R R Bridgens No

Farmer Allen Talks.

I sot in the amen corner, whar' I've sot for many a year,
An' I sealed every word ye uttered with a genooine hearty tear;
It's bin a long time, parson, since ye spoke in so fine a strain,
An' I hope the Lord 'll spare ye to do it o'n again.
Yer text wa'nt outen the Bible—ye must 'a made it yerself—
But a better one war' never tuk from the theological shelf,
Fur truer words nor sounder ones in the good book can't be found;
"The best o' crops are sometimes raised on the most unpromising ground."

As soon as the words war' spoken my heart opened up its cars,
An' while it swallowed the gospel truth my eyes war' swimming in tears,
Fur it seemed to me ye war' almin' at the pew in which I sot;
Yer language fitted a lot o' my past experience to a dot.
I guess you remember Charlie, the wildest boy in the State,
Allus in deviltry, parson, in mischief early an' late.
Robbin' the neighbors' orchards, runnin' with Godless boys,
An' a-playin' with his parents' hearts jes' like they war' rubber toys.

From bad to worse he slided, a sinkin' lower an' lower—
Kep' driftin' ont on sin's dark stream away from morality's shore—
Farther and farther he drifted, an' lower an' lower he sunk,
Till at last all hope departed when they fotched him home to us drunk!
Bad companions had led him to a cursed den in town,
Where he played with cards an' swallowed the fiery pizen down—
They kep' a edgin' him onward till his brain war' all afire—
Sunk him down till he wallered like a gruntin hog in the mire.

When sober he promised faithfully he'd never touch it agin,
An' fur weeks he stuck to his promise, held up as bright as a pin.
But the tempter agin fell on him, the fearful demon o' drink,
An' sunk him whar I'd no idee a human bein' could sink,
An' then dark stories reached us of his doin's here an' there;
Of the company he war' keepin' an' the crimes he helped to share;
Headed straight fur perdition we saw our poor son go,
With not one redeemin' feature to lighten the awful blow!
At last his worn-out mother tuk sick an' passed away,
An' Charlie cum to the home he hadn't seen fur many a day;
I'll never forgit the expression that cum to his bloated face
As he gazed on his poor old mother locked fast in death's embrace.
The tears cum forth in torrents as he stooped an' kissed her cheek,
An' the sobs o' mis'ry choked him till he could hardly speak;
But at last he cried in anguish that cut my heart like a knife:
"Oh, God an' mother forgive me, an' I'll lead a better life!"
* * * * * *
I've bin to Washington, parson, got back from thar last night,
An' I sot in the Congress chamber, my soul swelled up with delight,
I sot thar alongside Charlie, when he give 'em a speech so grand
That the greatest men in the country rushed up fur to shake his hand.
Flushed an' triumphant, he stood thar' a-listenin' to their praise,
An' a-wearin' the same sweet look he wore in his earlier boyhood days.
An' now do ye wonder, parson, that my heart gin a desperate bound
When ye said that the best o' crops could be growed on the most onpromisin' ground?

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Between the Tides.

A flawless day was the twenty-third of April in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and seventy-nine. The regulation morning breezes had been lured into the poppy fields of Angel island and put to sleep by the narcotic kisses of Circe. And even the zephyrs—gentle pages to the erst-while brawlers—had been shut up in the weather clerk's signal-box until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Then the yachts came out and the zephyrs were released. It was not very good weather for sailing that the zephyrs made, though they blew till their rosy cheeks were like soap bubbles, and the white sails were filled with scented breath. The lumbering schooners staggered in zigzag pathways, as if they meant to slice away the island noses with their dull prows; and, indeed, the yachts sailed scarcely any faster, only the little plungers made unchecked headway, running at their own sweet will, it seemed. The north harbor was dotted with sails. Everybody and everybody's wife and children and friends were out. So there was nothing strange about the mere presence of a young man and a young woman in a small rowboat amid the scenes of lazy commerce and busy gayety. Certainly it was not strange, for there were shundred other people ont that afternoon in rowboats, to say nothing of the professional boatmen, the men with sculls and the rowing clubs. If the people on the yachts which they met noticed them, they doubtlessly viewed them with pity mingled with contempt, or else looked at them artistically and thanked God for poverty and the picturesque.

As for the couple in the boat, they did not notice anything but each other—at least except as the young man found it necessary to change his direction in rowing to avoid being run down. After a while even this became unnecessary. They were rowing with the ebb tide, and after they had passed the newly-finished bit of sea-wall east of the old Meiggs wharf, the channel was comparatively clear. It was then about half-past three.

"Let us float," said the young man; "pretty soon the tide will turn; then we will turn."

"Very well, Tom," said the young woman.

Really, she was as yet a girl. She could not have been more than nineteen. Her figure was slight, but indicative of rare gracefulness. Her face was not pretty—that is, most would not think it pretty. Both mouth and nose were large. Her eyes were blue, and held an odd look—half earnest, half careless—difficult to define, yet impossible to disregard. It was a striking face, almost fascinating, withal a good face—a face in which heart showed first and intellect afterward.

The man was, exteriorly, commonplace. You might take a description at random from your scrap-book of conventional current fiction, and it would be likely to do him more than justice. But what of that? She was "Laura" and he was "Tom."

They had been talking gayly ever since they left the landing at the foot of Washington street. When Tom spoke they had apparently reached some common and very satisfactory conclusion, for she looked very happy, and she said, tenderly—for she had a sweet, low voice, tunable as a perfect bell or a wave sob:

"You will ask her to morrow, Tom?"

"Yes, Laura; or to-night, if you like."

"She will look at you wild-eyed and perhaps scold you a bit."

"Oh, I'm not afraid. How could I be with such a prize to gain?"

They had passed the point, the swimming beach, the Presidio; they were nearing the fort at the gate. A sudden swirl in the current twisted the bow of the boat sharply around. Tom had been leaning forward, the better to talk to Laura, the more easily to hold her hand, perhaps. As the boat shifted its direction, he instinctively reached for the oars. His hands touched the empty rowlocks. The oars were gone. He looked around, but they were nowhere to be seen. A cry of horror rose to his lips. Luckily he stilled it there. He looked quickly, furtively at his companion. She had seen and understood. He forced a laugh, and his companion was deceived by it.

"Then it is not so very bad?" she said, and the color came back to her cheek.

"No, it is a good joke," he replied. "Only we will be out rather late. When the tide turns we will go back booming."

Really he had very little hope. His judgment told him that the tide had not yet turned, and unless it did turn almost instantly the swift current would carry them out into the offing, and amid the breakers at the bar, where their frail boat would not live an instant. And then—. He could not swim a stroke. If he could the distance to the shore was too far to make that of any use. If only they had a rudder they might run the boat ashore; but unfortunately they had been in time to secure only the very last, rudderless skiff. "Thank the Fates it does not leak." "Does not leak?" He looked down, and saw that the irregular bottom of the boat was covered with water to the depth of almost half a foot. When they had started away from the pier landing Tom had braced his feet against a broad cross cleet, and Laura's stout boots rested on the same dry foothold. Until then neither had noticed the water.

Tom searched in the bottom of the boat for a bailing can. He could not find one. Laura moved so as to look into the little locker under the stern seat. There was no can there.

"What shall we do?" she said.

"I must bail with my hat," he replied, slowly, as if thinking it out; "the water must come in very slowly, it is a long time since we left Washington street wharf." He looked at his watch; it was then past four and they were nearly opposite Fort Point. So far as they could see there was not a single sail in the offing. They looked back at the city; there were no out-coming tugs or steamers, or schooners even. Then they looked out through the gate, and wondered.

There is an untranslatable poetic something about our Golden Gate that the sympathetic beholder, in-coming or out-going, or gazing upon it from any standpoint, never fails to realize. Something which perhaps he acknowledges, yet may never put it into fitting phrases. Perhaps it is because it seems so to hold the keys of our California life, that we may not dissociate it from either our history or our future. Perhaps it is because in looking at it one can never quite discern its big beyond, of weal or of woe, of sunshine or of tempest.

"We should never have had this sunset anywhere else, Laura," and Tom pointed to the declining sun, hanging without a cloud above the wilderness of waves. They looked back at the city, and all the western windows were aflame.

"I did not think before there was so much gold in 'Frisco," said Tom.

"Oh, Tom, I don't want to die and leave it all," said Laura, tremblingly.

The dallying breeze had shaken off the spell. The air had grown suddenly chill. Far ahead they could see the ominous white of the careening swell, and along the shore they heard the dull boom of the surf. Lower and lower sank the white, electric dazzle; buff and pink and orange toning into narrow belts of opal. Right ahead rose the black Farallones, and as the sun sank still lower they stood out in unbroken outline against its disk.

With his soft hat Tom made slow progress in bailing. Until then the water had oozed in so slowly that danger from leakage had not alarmed him until then; the current, too, had carried them along so gently that the danger of upsetting had not presented itself. But after they passed the fort the motion of the waves changed, not suddenly but gradually, until at last the boat was rocking like a cedar chip in the eddies of a mill-race. And still the tide had not turned.

Ceasing his bailing for an instant Tom thought he heard the sound of water trickling into the boat. Perhaps it was his instinct of danger and not his ears that warned him, for the waves were splashing against the outside, and the motion caused a constant lapping of the water within the boat. Tom made a careful examination, and at last found a little hole through which the water poured in a fitful stream as the boat rocked from side to side.

"I must stop that leak," he said. "Can you bail?"

The sun had set and the flush was fading out of the western sky. In all the waste of waters there was no moving object. If there had been a ship in sight she could have seen it, she thought, almost despairingly.

She began to bail as well as she could, with the felt hat, and in her cramped position. A long line of gray was coming up from the south.

"It is fog," said Tom, in a whisper.

Until he said "It is fog" she did not realize the almost utter hopelessness of their position. Even if the tide should turn before they reached the bar it would be impossible to protect themselves in a fog. For a moment she thought she should quite break down, the fate before them seemed so terrible. Tom had succeeded in stopping the leak and had resumed bailing. To make that task easier he had cut the brim from his hat. The fog was now all around them, and it was quite dark. They thought they heard the surf more distinctly.

"The tide has turned," said Tom.

And so it had, but just how they would be affected by the change they could not tell. Tom kept on bailing until the amount of water in the boat had materially decreased. They had not spoken to each other for some moments. At last Laura leaned forward. Her hand touched Tom's, and he took it in his own. That hand-clasp meant to them things unspeakable. Her hand was very cold, almost as cold as his own. In his pocket was a silk handkerchief; he handed it to her and bade her tie it about her neck, for he dared not rise to fasten it there himself. Then he took both her hands between his own, striving to keep them warm.

Laura was the first to speak, and her voice was quite firm, scarcely even sorrowful: "Tom, dear, I do not want to die; and yet death cannot take from us the boon of having died together."

"But we shall not die now, Laura; I know we'll not." There was the ring of conviction in his tones. The profound resignation underlying her words had struck the right key in his own nature, and the thought of his first despairing mood made him almost angry. "But it's awfully hungry we are, my dear," were his next words.

"I'm ashamed of you," said Laura, and she actually laughed. Tom laughed also.

When two persons in such a position can laugh, it is either "very brave" or "very sticking," according to the creed we first sucked and the "so forth" of our salad days.

The fog was all around them, and neither could see the other's face. The fog was cold, and from time to time Laura had shivered once or twice, audibly, though quite involuntarily, for she was a brave little woman. When the ripple of the young girl's laughter rang out amid the fog (above the boom of the surf, the far-away barking of the sea lions on Seal rocks, and the near, yet distant, scream of the fog signal), and when his own laughter was smothered in the fog folds, Tom repeated: "But I am hungry, awfully—"

What he might have gone on to say is forever sealed. The next moment the boat struck something with great momentum, and that is all Laura remembered till she awoke in the queer little cabin of the Sarah Emma, brigantine, in-bound from Australia.

A woman's gentle face bent above her own in anxious, motherly regard, and dear Tom sat on a locker behind the gangway, with glad tears in his eyes to see the color steal back to her cold cheeks.

"And now you must have a bit to eat," said the captain's wife, in hospitable accents.

But Laura shut her eyes, half maliciously, and murmured: "Give it to him, please; he's always hungry."

"That's what you'll not dare say when you become Mrs. Tom," said the young man, triumphantly; and as the matronly figure of the captain's wife disappeared in the shadow of the gangway, he kissed her shut eyes softly, and turned away.

—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

RELIGIOUS READING.

Quality vs. Quantity.

When Dr. Robert Finley took into his home at Basking Ridge four lads as pupils in a private school, it was apparently an insignificant undertaking. For a man of his consummate intellectual and moral power to be spending his time in teaching four boys provoked his friends to interpose remonstrance. His answer was sublime.

"It will prove no waste of time or strength if these boys shall make the sort of men that, by God's grace, I mean they shall."

So he plodded on, laboriously laying the foundations not of culture only, but of character. Like Arnold at Rugby and Mary Lyon at South Hadley, he taught, first of all, that conscience and the Bible must find in the heart and life a shrine and a throne. He gave these boys a thorough moral training, as well as a thorough intellectual discipline.

Who did those four boys afterward become? They were Chancellor Green, Governor Vroom, Judge Dayton and Samuel L. Southard.

Here is a lesson for Sunday-school teachers.—*Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson.*

Religious News and Notes.

There are 1,100 Young Men's Christian associations in the United States and 2,400 in the world.

The bequests of James E. Brown, of Kittaning, Penn., for various church purposes aggregate $1,680,000.

The first meeting of the committee appointed to prepare a creed for the Congregational churches will be held in Syracuse Sept 27.

The Methodist Episcopal church has in this country forty-five colleges and theological seminaries, besides ninety other high grade institutions of learning.

There are 118 Protestant missions in New York city, where Sunday schools and preaching, and other religious and moral services for adults or children or both, are regularly carried on.

Pennsylvania has 568 Baptist churches, containing 64,572 members. The smallest (Zion, Butler county,) has five members, and the largest (Fourt Church, of Philadelphia,) has 762 members.

The Rev. Dr. Henry MacMaken, for thirteen years pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Toledo, Ohio, has been elected Chancellor of the western universities of Pennsylvania in Pittsburg and Allegheny.

The revised New Testament has been adopted for all services in the chapel of the Theological Seminary at Andover and in Phillips Academy. President Porter has introduced it in the Yale chapel. Dr. McCosh reads from it in connection with the old version in the religious services he conducts at Princeton College.

At the various ministers' meetings in Chicago, the following topics were discussed: by the Methodists, "The Causes of Modern Skepticism;" by the Baptists, "The Preacher and his Bible;" by the Congregationalists, "The Home Missionary Meeting of the Previous Week." The Presbyterian ministers went into the country for a picnic.

The Baptist anniversary meetings which recently closed at Indianapolis, and which were the most interesting of any yet held, show great advance in all departments of Christian work. The Publication Society received last year $421,137, and issued 509,000,000 pages. Sixty-nine colporteurs and Sunday-school missionaries have been at work in forty-three States and Territories. Foreign missions received $313,774, and home missions $235,032, an increase of nearly one-third over last year. Dr. Duncan, of Cincinnati, stated that the million of freedmen who can read had no copy of the Scriptures.

At a meeting held by the Jews in Chicago, May 26th, to protest against the persecution of their race in Southern Russia, addresses were made by Prof. Swing, Rabbi Hirsch, Judge Rogers, Thomas Hayne, and others. Resolutions of sympathy with the sufferers were adopted, a collection of $889 was taken up, and the U. S. Government was requested to convey its appreciation of the efforts of the Tsar to protect his Jewish subjects. The Government was also asked to instruct its consuls resident in the disturbed district to extend needed aid as far as possible.

Flower Clocks and Barometers.

Even the most casual observer of nature must have noticed the closing of certain flowers upon the partial or entire withdrawal of light. Thus the chickweed is sensitive to cloudy weather and acts almost as a barometer, and every one knows the action of the "pimpernel" or "poor man's weather glass," (Anagallis arvensis, L). This pretty little plant is frequent on Newport island, where I have found it, especially on the cliffs beyond the first beach. It is adventitious from Europe. Tennyson, who is an acute observer, says of it: "The pimpernel dozed on the lea." The well-known Marvel of Peru is also called "Four o'clock" from its habit of opening at about that hour. If we watch any plant we shall find that it has a pretty definite time of expanding or closing its petals, as well as a particular way of doing it. Botanists, then, speak of the waking and sleeping conditions of the plant, and much research has been bestowed upon the subject in order to find out the physical actions and cause of the phenomena. In his recent volume on "Movement in Plants," Mr. Darwin gives the results of his painstaking investigations of this and kindred subjects. As generally happens in his work, while he is steadily aiming at some particular point, he disposes of any quantity of obscurities as side issues on the way.

Linnæus, noting the precise times of opening and closing of flowers, constructed a floral clock in his gardens at Upsat, where the hours were indicated by the conditions of different plants. Afterward DeCandolle did the same for the latitude of Paris. The clock of Linnæus in Sweden runs slower than that of DeCandolle in France. Climate as well as latitude, and particular seasons also, would influence this sensitive horologe. Those interested will find DeCandolle's list given in Figuier's "Vegetable World," American edition, page 134.

Of a few familiar plants the hours of opening are about as follows: Morning glory, 3 to 4 A. M.; pimpernel, 8 to 10 A. M.; Marvel of Peru, 4 to 7 P. M.; evening primrose, 5 to 7 P. M.; night blooming cereus, 7 to 8 P. M.

"Thus in each flower and simple bell,
That in our path betrodden lie,
Are sweet remembrancers who tell
How fast the winged moments fly."

The hours of closing are as definite as those of opening, and thus we may arrange quite a dial, the hours being indicated by particular plants. The plants may be confused by means of artificial light, but upon withdrawal of the unnatural conditions, will, sooner or later, resume their normal record.

It is curious to watch the different attitudes flowers assume in repose. In the botanic garden in Cambridge the writer used to go out toward evening to watch the changes. The movements are sometimes very quick, especially those of the foliage, which also has its time of sleep. Thus in the little Marsilia, a water-plant, with four ob cordate leaflets, these turn in upon each other from the expanded condition, so as to meet face to face. There is quite a perceptible little "click" when the movement occurs. The petals of some plants droop in slumber; others fold crossways: still others curl up lengthwise. So with the rayflorets of the Composite. The whole aspect of a garden is, hence, quite changed in the evening. In fact, it does not do to allow our investigations to cease with the daylight.

FOR THE LADIES.

A Ball in Algeria.

It must be great fun to attend a ball in Algiers. The *Algerian Watchman* reports a grand affair of that kind lately given by the governor, M. Grevy. In civilized society, the reporter says, people attend balls in order to dance, flirt and chat, but in Algiers they simply go to eat and drink, and yet not to eat and drink, to "swill" rather, and to stuff themselves. At 9 o'clock on the memorable evening men stood ten deep around the governor's sideboard, and so kicked and scuffled that his excellency was forced to station two policemen at the door of his supper-room, while his twenty-six cooks even could not supply the demand. Presently the policemen were overwhelmed in the rush and were fain to make their escape. If a lady wished a glass of champagne she had to impress some burly giant to force his way for her to the sideboard, and only at 3 o'clock in the morning, when she was half dead with thirst, could the hostess succeed in obtaining a glass of wine, which she shared with her preserver in a corner. Big chasseurs and bearded Arabs feasted till they were like to die of a surfeit, and then sauntered through the gorgeous saloon, covered with jellies, pates and the debris of all edible things. One gentleman belonging to the highest circles—of Algiers—lay stretched the whole evening on a row of chairs in the saloon enjoying a siesta, and playing a tune upon his nose which might have been heard half way to France. Toward midnight M. Grevy visited his sleeping-room, where he found one of his guests sleeping the sleep of the just in his bed, while the chamber was in the most shocking disorder, suggestive of a notorious triplet in Thackeray's "White Squall." Meantime in the parlor all the men were smoking furiously and in the rush of their tipsiness filling the pianofortes with wine and breaking glasses over each other's heads, no less than 700 (glasses, unfortunately, not heads) being thus demolished. "M. Grevy was enchanted with the success of his ball."

Fashion Notes.

Bustles are longer and more bouffant.

All mitts are long and loose in the wrists.

Squares of white dotted mull are used for fichus.

Lace and muslin fichus grow larger and larger.

It is the height of fashion to hang a piece of old faded tapestry on the wall.

Showy colors in showy contrasts appear in the composition of fashionable seaside suits.

White and gold braid trim yachting suits of blue, gray or cream white flannel serge beautifully.

Fantastic figures are embroidered in bright colors on artistic and fancy lawn tennis costumes.

Puffs of mull and tulle illusion in the neck bid fair to take the place of plaitings and fichus.

Cretonne fans in Trianon designs match parasols and suits of printed sateen, cambric and foulard.

The fashionable artificial flowers are jonquils, roses, peonies, cxeye daisies, white lilacs and sunflowers of various sizes.

Yachting suits of dark or porcelain blue, gray or green flannel serge are made bright and gray with Turkey red sashes and trimmings.

Mull and batiste dresses in pale tints of color, trimmed with imitation Valenciennes and Flemish point and Vermicelli laces, make lovely afternoon and evening watering-place toilets.

Some exquisite white, black, rose-colored and pale blue Manila grass lace, long scarfs, and squares, enriched with gold threads or bright colored ones, are at very low prices.

Longitudinal stripes in bright colors, with gold and silver hair line effects, crossed diagonally with stripes, formed in the weaving of the fabric, make one of the features of the fall goods.

Artistic parasols have sprays of eglantine, daisies, golden rod, straggling insects, and sometimes birds painted as if falling or flying, *au naturel*, over the gores on the outside, sometimes encroaching on the lace border, or fringe, while the linings show shaded effects in full, delicate tints of blue, green, rose, cream, pearl, and pure white.

White dresses of every description, including Swiss, French, nainsook, jaconet, lawn, organdie, dotted and sprigged Swiss and Indian mull muslins, and white chuddahs, pongees, nun's veiling, cashmere, and French and American bunting are worn to excess at all hours of the day, while white surah, satin and damasse, with tulle and crape lisse and white Spanish lace, are reserved for full evening toilets and bridal occasions.

Skid's Kicking Machine.

The facts were these: Mr. Skid's neighbor kept a goat, and that goat had often got at Mr. Skid and butted him two rods, end over end, and he hated the goat profusely. But the neighbor wouldn't keep the goat shut up, and so Skid invented a machine to slay the goat. It was in the form of a man bending down to pick up a hat, but in the body was a spring of tremendous power. From the hip pocket of the figure waved a red handkerchief that was targeted to draw the goat. When he butted it the spring would fly and throw the goat a big distance. The machine was gotten up in very elaborate style and looked just like a man. It was perfect enough to deceive any goat, and it cost Mr. Skid seventy-five dollars. But he didn't begrudge the money so long as it fetched the goat. And he took the machine and put it out in his front yard where the goat would see it, and then retired to his house and waited to see the fun. He waited about two hours, and then his son came in and told him the goat had swallowed an old hoopskirt the night before and it had got tangled in his bowels and slain him. And, of course, Skid was terribly mad. But the machine was not wholly wasted, for the boy took it and put it outside of a circus tent so it looked like a man just starting to crawl under, and a stalwart circus man ran up and kicked the thing and was picked up twenty feet away, and when he got over his surprise he said he'd give the man a season ticket if he'd tell how he did it, as he'd like to work the same racket on the old man of the girl he was courting. But the machine couldn't be found, the boy having, in the excitement, taken it home.

A Sacred Gold Mine.

In the eleventh and twelfth verses of the second chapter of Genesis will be found the following important information:

"The name of the first is Pison; that is it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold, and the gold of that land is good."

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* states with apparent seriousness that a company of London gentlemen, who have neither followed Ingersoll nor the scientists into their Bible notions, have organized themselves into a company to test the truth of the above sacred assurance, and the stock of the "Havilah" gold mine has actually been placed on the London market, the proprietors announcing it to be the richest in the world, and the passage from Genesis is quoted as proo of it from an inspired source.

Each king present at the late peace conference between Sir Samuel Rowe and the stepfather of the king of the Ashantees, Prince Buaki, at Elmina, had a mammoth umbrella of brilliant c lors held over him, while Prince Buaki himself was covered with gold ornaments, his arms being so heavy with golden bracelets, that they were supported by a man on each side.

When the children of Mrs. Betsey Perkins, of Taunton, Mass., surprised her on her 100th birthday, she showed her appreciation of their affection by giving each of them a $1,000 bond.

NEWS-EPITOME.

East and Middle.

JOHN GUEMBER, the Hungarian who had been in a trance at the Lehigh almshouse, in Pennsylvania, since February 11 (171 days), and whose condition baffled the medical fraternity of that section, broke his long silence and gave an account of himself to a schoolmate who came from the same section in the old country as Guymber. Guymber says he arrived in this country about two years ago and went to Virginia, where he says a party attempted to poison him. He left there and went to Baltimore, and from the time he reached there until about four weeks ago he says he remembers nothing, not even the terrible jump from the third story of the hospital on April 23 last. Since he has regained consciousness he says he had an idea he was imprisoned. When told that he was accused of no crime and was at liberty he remarked that he would soon leave and hunt work.

H. J. DE VOE, the Hackensack (N. J.) weather prophet, makes the following prediction for August: In New York city and the Eastern States plenty of rain, followed by a higher temperature. In the South Atlantic States the temperature will be higher than in July, and in the Gulf States there will be unusually heavy rains, with a much lower average temperature than in July.

THREE men made a daring attempt to rob the Manufacturers' bank at Cohoes, N. Y., but were frustrated by a clerk, who presented a pistol at one of the men who had seized a package containing $9,500. The man dropped the package and fled, but was captured.

By an explosion of fire damp at the Phœnix Park colliery near Pittston, Pa., John T. Welch and Edward Brady, miners, and Michael Moore and James Brown, laborers, were badly burned. Welch was a Labor Reform representative in the last State legislature.

BENJAMIN B. WILEY, charged with conspiracy to defraud the government in star route mail contracts, was taken before the United States commissioner at Philadelphia, and, waiving a hearing, was committed in default of $5,000 bail to answer at the next term of the United States district court.

THE annual convention of the Roman Catholic Total Abstinence union of America was opened the other day in Boston. Mayor Prince welcomed the delegates to the city. The present membership of the union is about 35,000.

WILLIAM G. FARGO, president of the American Express company, died at Buffalo, N. Y., a few days ago, aged sixty-four years.

THE Democrats of the Second Maine district nominated Franklin Reed for Congress.

LEO HARTMANN, the alleged Nihilist and would-be assassin of the CZAR Alexander, has left New York and gone into Canada. His friends state that Hartmann was led to take this step in consequence of a fear, grounded on recent newspaper reports, that the Federal government intended to seize him and surrender him to the Russian authorities.

THE Ohio State Prohibition convention met at Columbus and indorsed the State ticket recently nominated by the Temperance convention at Loveland, except that Henry Camp, of Coshocton, was nominated for attorney-general to fill the vacancy on that ticket.

R. MILBURN, JR., twelve years old, shot and killed his cousin, John McCarthy, aged fourteen, in a quarrel at Porterville, Ind.

THE election in North Carolina resulted in the defeat of prohibition by a large majority.

AT the meeting of the Virginia Democratic state convention in Richmond the Hon. J. W. Daniel was nominated for governor on the second ballot. The platform adopted calls for equality of rights and equal privileges for all men, the support of the public schools for both white and colored, condemns repudiation of the State debt and denounces as a calumny all declarations that the party is opposed to an honest ballot and a fair count.

APACHE Indians are on the war-path in New Mexico, killing every one they meet. A large number of whites have already been massacred. In one engagement with a party of ten Americans and thirty-six Mexicans three Indians were killed and nine of the whites killed and wounded.

NATHAN ORLANDO GREENFIELD was hanged at Syracuse, N. Y., for the murder of his wife through jealousy in October, 1875. Greenfield declared his innocence to the last.

THE census returns show that the number of working collieries in the Pennsylvania anthracite region has increased during the past ten years from 225 to 273, and the output from 15,596,000 tons in 1870 to 27,433,000 tons in 1880.

THE suffering from the extreme heat has been very great in New York city, especially among the poor, and many fatal cases of sunstroke have been reported.

ACCORDING to the report of the secretary of the American Iron and Steel association at Philadelphia the United States produced in 1880 4,295,414 tons of pig-iron, 1,397,015 tons of steel, 23,437,242 tons of anthracite coal and 43,000,000 tons of bituminous coal.

AUGUSTUS D. WHEELOCK, the confidential clerk of J. C. Walcott & Co., New York brokers, has disappeared with $40,000 in bonds and $10,000 in money realized on checks of the firm.

West and South.

TWELVE persons were killed and six more severely injured by the explosion of a beer still in a distillery at Peoria, Ill. Nearly all the victims inhaled the escaping steam, and their sufferings were intense.

A LOSS of about $125,000 was incurred at Denver, Col., by the burning of the Colorado iron works.

EVERY business house except three and many dwellings in the town of Truckee, Cal., have been destroyed by fire, the aggregate loss being more than $350,000. A fire on the same day destroyed twenty-five buildings in Dakota, doing damage to the extent of about $100,000, and a fire at Augusta, Mich., destroyed fourteen buildings, comprising the business part of the place.

CONCERNING the outrages by the Apache fiends in New Mexico, a dispatch from Socorro, in that Territory, says: The murderous red devils are now ravaging in this neighborhood and killing off people by the score. An encounter occurred between them and the Mexicans at Parajo, resulting in the death of thirteen Mexicans. Two Indians who were captured were burned alive. Reports come in hourly of fresh ravages and murders, and a party is being hurriedly raised and armed to go to the rescue of the miners at Pueblo Springs, where they are surrounded and in imminent danger. The other evening a miner and his wife are supposed to have been surprised by the savages as they were returning to their mine, and were probably tortured. The band is a part of Victorio's band, now led by Nina, a chief even more barbarous than his predecessor. Unless the Indians turn their attacks elsewhere a general Indian war will doubtless result.

FIVE convicts at Folsom, Cal.—George Lupton, George Walker, Robert Durkin, John Cooney and James Gordon—knocked down the prison guard and ran for the river. They were pursued by the officers and guards. Walker was shot dead; Durkin was wounded in the leg and captured; Lupton tried to cross the river but was drowned, and Cooney, being afraid to take to the river, was captured. Gordon escaped.

JOHN HOFFMAN headed a party of forty men who entered the jail at Fredonia, KANSAS, for the purpose of lynching two brothers named Hardin, in confinement on the charge of murder. One of the guards, who had been overpowered, passed a pistol to one of the Hardins, and when Hoffman approached the cell with a crowbar he was fired upon by the prisoner and mortally wounded. The crowd then fled, taking along Hoffman's body.

From Washington

THE last debt statement issued shows the following:

Cash in the treasury	$236,878,190 25
Reduction of debt during July	10,078,023 23
Gold certificates	5,749,820 00
Silver certificates	51,983,980 00
Certificates of deposits outstanding	10,740,000 00
Refunding certificates	653,850 00
Outstanding legal tenders	346,681,016 00
Fractional currency outstanding	7,098,645 32
Cash balance available AUG. 1	154,827,244 89
Debt less cash in the treasury August 1	1,830,520,788 75

THE payments made from the treasury by warrants during July were as follows:

On account of civil and miscellaneous	$6,245,607 25
On account of war	4,379,826 66
On account of navy	1,777,150 57
On account of interior, Indians	595,206 31
On account of interior, pensions	7,362,380 00
Total	$20,360,220 79

THE United States mints coined during July 2,250,000 standard dollars, 82,000 double eagles and 620,000 cents, a total of 2,952,000 pieces, valued at $3,896,200.

THE bureau of internal revenue reports that during the fiscal year ended June 30 last there were taxed at $1.75 per 1,000 507,386,082 cigarettes, netting a revenue of $992,929.22. A very high grade of cigarette which is taxed $6 per 1,000, and of which only 9,000 were manufactured, brought in a revenue of $54. The total revenue from cigarettes for the past fiscal year is thus seen to be $992,983.22. For the year preceding the total revenue from cigarettes was 715,269.39.

THE receipts from internal revenue during the last fiscal year aggregate over $135,000,000.

A WASHINGTON dispatch says the President is pronounced by the physicians to be practically out of danger. They mean by this that the chances of relapse are so inconsiderable as to cause almost no apprehension. The most noticeable change in the condition of the President is the return of his voice to its wonted fullness and resonance.

SECRETARY HUNT has issued an order directing Admiral Porter to take command of the naval vessels which will assemble at Yorktown. Admiral Porter will have general management of the naval part of the celebration. General Hancock has accepted the invitation of the secretary of war to command the troops at the Yorktown centennial.

DURING August there will be 2,300,000 standard silver dollars coined at the various mints.

THE doctors in attendance on President Garfield, having found that another pus cavity was forming, decided to perform a second operation by cutting into the channel of the wound, giving the pus free vent. A Washington dispatch gives the following particulars of the manner in which the operation was performed by Dr. Agnew: As soon as the patient had been put under the influence of ether, a long and slightly curved instrument was introduced into the wound, pushed between the ribs, and carried downward along the track of the bullet until its end could be felt below the last rib from the outside. Holding this instrument in the wound as a guide Dr. Agnew then made a counter incision below the twelfth rib, cutting directly through the integument until his knife met the end of the first-mentioned instrument at the point where he wished to intersect the track of the ball. The operation was not a difficult or dangerous one, and the patient bore it and the etherization well. There is now an opening to the deeper parts of the wound, which does not pass between the ribs, and which can always be kept free and unobstructed, and no other trouble from the accumulation of pus is anticipated. The slit in the President's back is now about three inches long, extending on either side of the injured rib. The new drainage pipe taps the wound from below, permitting the discharge to fall naturally downward, instead of forcing its way up hill or around the corner, as has been the case heretofore. The operation was of course performed with perfect accuracy, and accomplished its purpose. Thus another obstruction to recovery has been boldly and skillfully gotten out of the way. The President speedily recovered from the effects of the ether, and asked Dr. Bliss what had been done. The doctor told him, and he expressed himself as well satisfied.

Foreign News.

TEN persons were killed and twenty badly injured by a mine disaster at Lourches, France.

DETAILS have been received of a terrific powder explosion at Mazatlan, Mexico. The explosion occurred in the government magazine in which were stored several tons of powder, and was caused by the sheer carelessness of one of the guards detailed at the place smoking a cigar within the magazine. The building was situated in the center or business portion of the town. The explosion completely razed the magazine and destroyed many houses in its immediate vicinity, besides doing considerable damage to a number of others and killing more than seventy persons.

MCKEVITT and McGrath, arrested for attempting to blow up the Liverpool town hall, were found guilty by the jury. McGrath, who was also found guilty of being an accessory in the attempt to blow up the Liverpool police office, was sentenced to penal servitude for life and McKevitt for fifteen years.

A PARTY of Mexican traders on their way from the interior of Sonora, Mexico, were ambushed and fired upon by cowboys, near Las Animas, while eating breakfast. Five of the Mexicans are supposed to have been killed. The rest fled, leaving a pack train and $4,000 behind them. A large force of Mexican troops were sent in pursuit of the cowboys.

AN extraordinary scene occurred the other day in the British house of commons. Mr. Bradlaugh, the junior member-elect for Northampton, appeared at the house of commons for the purpose of taking the oath and his seat. On the speaker taking the chair Mr. Bradlaugh attempted to enter the lobby, but was confronted by the sergeant-at-arms, the deputy sergeant-at-arms and a force of police who barred the passage. Mr. Bradlaugh, shouting that he was there in obedience to the mandate of his constituents, flung himself upon the police and made a desperate effort to force his way through them. He was ejected into Palace Yard, but evading the police made another rush for the lobby and was again forcibly ejected. Meantime Mr. Labouchere, the senior member for Northampton, rose in the house to a question of privilege and moved that the officials of the house had exceeded their authority in ejecting Mr. Bradlaugh from the lobby, inasmuch as the order of the house only provided for his exclusion from the chamber. An amendment approving of the conduct of the officials was carried by 191 to 7. Mr. Bright who spoke on behalf of Mr. Bradlaugh's admission, Sir Charles Dilke and other Liberals left the house before the division was taken. Mr. Bradlaugh then drove off to Bow street and applied for summonses against the officials and police, which were refused. He said he would make another attempt to take his seat, this time accompanied by his followers, and that the house would have either to admit him or order his arrest. He was cheered vociferously outside the house of commons, while inside as he was being ejected a tremendous scene of excitement occurred and a riot was for a time threatened.

FIVE persons, including three ladies, were drowned by the upsetting of a small yacht off the coast of Buteshire, Scotland.

THE emperors of Germany and Austria have had a meeting at Gastein, and upon coming together "embraced affectionately."

CONSUL POTTER, at Crefeld, reports to the state department that there still continues to be felt among dealers and consumers of American pork, hams and bacon in that part of Germany much anxiety and alarm growing out of rumors which have recently been circulated through the public press regarding the presence of trichinæ in such articles of food.

CONSUL HALDERMAN, at Bangkok, Siam, reports to the state department, under date of March 25, that the ceremonies incident to the cremation of the late queen and infant child have just terminated, after a duration of eleven days. It will be remembered that these royal personages were accidentally drowned in the Menam river, on May 31, 1880.

ANOTHER plot to kill the Russian imperial family has been discovered. Sixty persons, some of them of high rank, were concerned in this plot.

AT Paris General Noyes took leave of President Grevy and Mr. Levi P. Morton, the new American minister, presented his credentials. Speeches were made with reference to the friendly relations that so long existed between France and the United States, President Grevy speaking sympathetically of President Garfield.

MR. BRADLAUGH has become dangerously ill from erysipelas resulting from injuries received while trying to force his way into the British house of commons.

FIVE persons were killed and thirty injured by a collision between two trains near Blackburn, England.

At the commencement exercises of one of the colleges this week, a young man was asked "What is love?" He thought a minute and then said: "Its a sort of a feeling that you don't want any other fellow going around with her." That is perhaps as good a definition as could be framed by a committee of overs in regular session. A lover had almost rather go himself than to have another fellow go around with her.—*Peck's Sun.*

Bernhardt's future tomb, we learn from the New York *Commercial*, will be adorned with Sara phims.

Internal Revenue.

The following statement, prepared by Internal Revenue Commissioner Raum, shows the aggregate receipts from internal revenue during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1881: